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LES LIE'S

WEEKLY

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New York, January 8, 1903

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Thursday, January 8, 1903

Can the Democrats Win in 1904?

MANY OF the most prominent of the South's newspapers—the Memphis Commercial Appeal, Nashville American, Atlanta Constitution, New Orleans Picayune, Louisville Courier-Journal, Chattanooga Times and others—are urging an alliance between the South and the East for political purposes in 1904. They take this ground for the reason that the West, which, with the South's aid in the national convention, furnished the candidate and the policy of the Democracy in 1896 and 1900, has apparently abandoned that party for good, only one little State in the whole West—Nevada—going Democratic in the elections of 1902. Except that mining camp, with its three votes in the electoral college, the Republicans made a clean sweep of the West in the canvass of 1902. Manifestly the South, which is the only section that furnishes Democratic electoral votes, must, if it wants to have influence in politics, sever its connection with the West and make new affiliations. For this reason it is looking to the Middle States of the North Atlantic seaboard for an ally. Here is a chance for New York to resume its old dominance in Democratic councils. This fact is becoming plain to the South's leading spirits. Says Congressman Richardson, of Alabama, "The West is wedded to Republicanism. The South must turn again to its old-time friend, the Empire State. My belief is that the Democratic candidate in 1904 will hail from New York."

Similar expressions are also coming from other intelligent exponents of Southern opinion. Let us see what are the Democracy's chances under the proposed affiliation. The thirteen States composing the solid South of recent years will have 151 votes in the electoral college of 1904. This leaves out Delaware, Maryland and West Virginia, which have been carried by the Republicans in most of the recent canvasses. A majority of the electoral college of 1904 will be 239, the entire college, with the existing number of States, comprising 476 members. With New York's thirty-nine electoral votes—and the narrowness of the Republican margin in New York in 1902 gives the Democrats a hope of winning that State in the coming election—they would have 190 votes, or only forty-nine short of the number required to choose a President. New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana usually go with New York. Maryland is very far from being sure for the Republicans. The anti-Addicks Republicans made Delaware Democratic in 1902, and the unfortunate factional fight is not finished. The Democrats led in the voting in Rhode Island in 1902. Nevada is likely to remain with the South a few years longer. These States, with New York and the solid South, would give the Democrats 242 votes in the electoral college, or three more than enough to elect, so that they could lose either Delaware or Nevada, if they carried all the others, and still win. The situation stands thus:

Electoral Votes.	
South, excluding Delaware, Maryland and West Virginia.....	151
New York.....	39
New Jersey.....	12
Connecticut.....	7
Indiana.....	15
Maryland.....	8
Delaware.....	3
Rhode Island.....	4
Nevada.....	3
Total.....	242
Necessary to a choice.....	239
Majority.....	3

Unquestionably the proposed alliance between the South and the East may have portentous consequences for the Republican party in 1904.

The Republican Slump in New York.

A GREAT many reasons have been given for the falling off in the Republican vote in this State during the recent election, and especially for the small vote cast for Governor Odell in New York City. One of the principal reasons for the loss was the return of many disaffected Democrats to their party and the withdrawal of support to Republican candidates by many others.

Everybody knows that the free-silver craze inspired by the Nebraska populist, who twice successfully intrigued to win the Democratic presidential nomination, drove from the ranks of the Democracy in New York State the flower of the party. Many of these deliberately voted the Republican ticket, as a rebuke to the populist leadership and control of their party. There

was also a good deal of sentiment in the support that McKinley received from these rebellious Democrats. With his death and with the final and decided rejection of the populist intriguer by the Democratic party a revival of Jeffersonian Democracy was brought about, a union of conflicting interests, and a determination of the Democratic leaders to secure harmony and to make a desperate fight to recover New York. The disaffection had been so great among the Democrats that this result was not altogether achieved, but it was a narrow escape for the Republican State ticket, the Democrats electing two of their candidates and coming within less than nine thousand of carrying the governorship.

Both parties in this State cast less votes in 1902 than in 1900, the Democratic loss being over 36,000 and the Republican about 140,000. In the city of New York the Democratic vote increased about 10,000, but in the rural districts it fell off about 47,000. The Republican loss in this city was nearly 68,000 and in the rural districts about 72,000. This shows that in the city of New York a very large number of Democrats, who had been voting the Republican ticket since 1898, either renewed their allegiance to their party or else stayed at home. The Republican loss in the rural districts is accounted for on the same theory, the percentage of stay-at-home Democrats, however, being much larger there than it was in New York City.

The tendency of the members of the Democratic party in this State to get together is becoming stronger every day, and it signifies that New York is to be a very close State in the presidential contest of 1904. In our judgment, it will be the pivotal State, and, if so, the presidential candidates from both the great political parties must, from the standpoint of expediency, be selected from New York or its immediate vicinity.

Social Reform in Rural Communities.

WE HAVE heard much in recent years about the slum life of the cities, the horrors and miseries of tenements, the squalor, filth, vice, and ignorance to be found among the "submerged tenth" in large centres of population, and the work of regeneration therein.

While the services thus rendered cannot be commended too highly, there is another field of social reform work which should not be overlooked or neglected. We refer to rural communities and isolated country villages. In many of these places, even in our own favored land, existing conditions are little or no better than in the congested districts of our large cities. If the whole truth were set forth in regard to the life of the people in some of these country communities the picture would be quite as dark and forbidding in many of its features as the sketches drawn by General Booth and others of the festering miseries of London and New York. Here also vices of the grossest sort, and ignorance, stupidity, and animalism in an appalling degree may be found.

It will be remembered that the infamous Jukes family, a typical group of degenerates, had their being in a rural settlement not a hundred miles from New York, and communities of much the same order exist to-day within the same radius of the metropolis, whole groups of families where none of the members are able to read or write and whose morals are at the lowest ebb. Here is a field "white to the harvest" for missionaries, social reformers, and settlement workers, and the call to service is loud and imperative. What can be done at once to relieve the monotony of village life and to give the community a good heave upward on the path of intellectual progress? Much in many ways, if only the half-dozen active persons to be found in every village will join hands in the effort. Take a community numbering from five hundred to eight hundred souls. In such a village there are certain to be three or more churches, the pastors of which, after the fullest discharge of clerical duties, have some time on their hands. Suppose they add to their numbers the schoolmaster, the leading merchant, and the justice of the peace. A good working committee of six may thus be had for social improvement.

The next requisite is a room for a meeting place, which may generally be found over one of the village stores. Fitted out with a table and a good supply of chairs, loaned or contributed by individual citizens, the social machine is ready to start. In New York State, and presumably in others, a request made to the proper authorities of the State, and the payment of freight, will secure an adequate supply of books. Where they do not, advantage may be taken of the "traveling libraries" now in common use everywhere. This magnet, with the novelty of the enterprise, will be found sufficient to keep the young people of the community interested for a time at least. The wise committee will, of course, take measures to make this condition permanent.

The magic lantern has now become so widely distributed as to be easily obtained by rent or purchase, while slides may be had of various civic and social organizations almost for the asking. With this help the village schoolmaster should make a talk on even so commonplace a subject as geography of unusual interest. Even without a lantern attractive lectures may easily be had. Societies like the American League for Social Service, with headquarters in the United Charities Building, New York, supply reading lectures on many popular topics on request. These lectures may be read by any one having a good voice. There are always persons with something worth hearing to say ready to respond to a courteous invitation without pay. And then there are the ministers, one or more of whom will be found to be an expert in some line other than theology, the village glee club, the merchant, who may be induced to inquire how the textiles he sells are made and find a market, and to tell others, and so on.

For the larger entertainments the churches must, of course, throw open their doors. Indeed, the success of any social reform in the smaller communities must very largely depend upon the hearty co-operation of the religious organizations. As the latter are moral as well as spiritual agencies, such help should be assured.

The Plain Truth.

A MORE acceptable and equitable expression has seldom been given out by any court than that of Judge Leventritt, in the case of Fire Chief Croker. It will be remembered that the head of the New York fire department, Commissioner Sturgis, dismissed Croker, after having heard the charges against the latter. The case was appealed to the courts, which was all right, but a stay of proceedings was also granted, which kept Mr. Croker in office. This was a most extraordinary and unusual proceeding and vitiated the effect and purpose of the statute giving to the fire commissioner the power of removal upon charges. Justice Leventritt, while not passing upon the merits of the case, finds no warrant for the granting of the stay and gives expression to this judgment so ably, clearly, and judicially that his words carry conviction with them. We regard his opinion in this matter as of the greatest importance to the cause of municipal reform, for if the courts could interfere with a commissioner's power of removal a premium would be placed on insubordination and inefficiency.

WE OBSERVE that the cheeky populist who successfully intrigued to secure the presidential nomination twice from the Democratic party, and who went up and down the land preaching the gospel of poverty and a thirty-cent dollar, has just moved into the finest country mansion in Nebraska and given out that he has accumulated nearly half a million dollars in the space of the past few years. Where did he get it? He got it at the expense of the Democratic party, primarily, and he must laugh in his sleeve whenever he thinks of the bunco game he played upon a great party and of the slick manner in which he sacrificed a strong and venerable political organization on the altar of his own unscrupulous selfishness. That this Nebraska humbug and howler should have the temerity still to attempt to thrust himself upon the Democracy is only another proof of the fact that the fools are not all dead yet and that he knows it.

IT WAS a pretty bold statement for Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, to make, on the floor of Congress, as he did the other day during the discussion of the bill for the admission of three new States, when he said, "If the Republicans can lie to the people about the admission of Territories in their platform, they can lie to them about other planks of their platform." Mr. Quay said this in calling attention to the fact that Senator Beveridge was a member of the Republican National Convention and that Senator Lodge was its presiding officer, which declared for the admission of the Territories of New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma as States. This recalls the fact that party platforms, in these days, are not so much a declaration of principle as a declaration of purpose to secure votes. Principles are sacrificed to expediency, and this fact, no doubt, has much to do with the growing disposition of thoughtful and observant men to question the sincerity of platform declarations and to vote according to their best lights and in obedience to their independent convictions. Senator Quay did a public service in rebuking a notable weakness of party leaders which has done them little credit and which has done their party much harm.

THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY'S dinner is one of the most notable events in the social life of New York City. No other gathering of its character brings together a greater number of prominent New Yorkers, men eminent in every learned profession and every honorable calling. Something better than the usual run of after-dinner speeches is always anticipated at these banquets, and expectation is never disappointed. The recent dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria was no exception to the general rule. A significant incident of the evening was the hearty applause that greeted the timely reference of Senator Depew to the cause of municipal reform. A few spoils-seekers in New York City have raised such a rumpus over Mayor Low's failure to distribute the public offices as political pap that an erroneous impression has been created regarding the public's appreciation of Mayor Low's sincere and high-minded effort to put the affairs of our municipality strictly on a business basis. Senator Depew, in his eloquent post-prandial effort, said a few earnest words in commendation of the mayor, and this utterance, it was quickly observed, received the most hearty applause heard throughout the evening. Whatever spoilsmen in politics may think of Mayor Low, it is certain that the thoughtful, conservative citizens of New York appreciate the difficulties of his task, the tremendous weight of the burdens he carries, and the magnitude of the work which he has so patriotically and unselfishly undertaken to perform. The defense of Mayor Low's administration has never been put more clearly and concisely than in the words of Senator Depew when he said:

"But is reform a success? Taking all the difficulties it has to contend with, all the limitations that are placed by law upon its work, I say unhesitatingly 'Yes.' A bad administration always leaves to a good one accumulated debts hidden in the mysteries of book-keeping, public improvements for which money has been appropriated and spent uncompleted or so badly done that the work must be gone over, wasteful and extravagant contracts difficult to break given to party favorites, and the whole employment, through whom alone the mayor and his appointees can work, hostile to that discipline, that efficiency, that rigid accountability, that extirpation of favors, 'drafts,' and license which is the essence of reform. Whenever it has been tried, and I have seen it done several times in the last forty years, it has required two full years to clean house before the new occupant could show us how he could keep house, and because he does not keep house at once the impatient public usually fires him out."

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

AMONG THE many lovely young women who grace the highest circles of English society to-day it is surely



THE COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD,
The most beautiful of young English
peeresses.

Street, London, and their country place is Holme Lacy, one of the historic homes of England.

IN A recent article in the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Michael MacDonagh sketches the rise of the office of prime minister, and gives interesting anecdotes of statesmen who have filled that position. Of those connected with church patronage the following is perhaps the most piquant. A dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, wrote to the Duke of Wellington: "My dear duke, one word from you will get me the vacant bishopric." The reply came: "My dear dean, not a single word." The better side of an ecclesiastical preferment is shown by Mr. Gladstone's letter to the Hon. Mrs. Goodhart in 1889: "It has been my lot to dispose of some fifty preferments in the church—high preferments, I mean, such as bishoprics and deaneries. Not one of the men I have appointed has ever asked me for anything. That is the literal and absolute fact; and I do not know that anything could be more honorable to the Church of England as a body."

A BACHELOR of about forty-eight, who was in the habit of wintering in one of those towns which Stevenson has described somewhere as "perched like birds on the olive-crowned cliffs of the Riviera," had undertaken the escort of four small children, their ages ranging from six to twelve, on the tedious journey of some thousand miles, to visit grandparents residing in England. He was relating the various experiences through which he had passed on this long journey to a lady sitting next to him at a dinner party. Rudyard Kipling, on the opposite side, but a little lower down, happened to catch some of the remarks, and asked to have the narrative repeated. Having had the entire episode related to him, he looked wondrously across at the quixotic twentieth-century bachelor and murmured, gently: "For of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

ONE OF the most brilliant, successful, and widely-known newspaper and literary men of the time is



WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS,
Eminent journalist and author, and
new president of famous Gridiron
Club.—*Dyer*.

William Eleroy Curtis, correspondent of the *Chicago Record-Herald* and author of many popular books. Mr. Curtis is under life contract to write a daily letter to his paper and since 1887 he has performed this feat without a break and with uniform excellency of work. These letters have been for years a prominent feature in the columns of the *Record-Herald*. They have been written from many parts of the globe, for Mr. Curtis has been an extensive traveler, and each series of them has been published in book form and has had a large sale. Mr. Curtis, in addition, has produced two novels and several valuable historical works. He has two new volumes now in press, entitled "The Turk and His Lost Provinces" and "Syria and Palestine." With his gifts as a writer Mr. Curtis unites the ability of a pleasing public speaker. He has also won much credit in other lines of activity. He was sent to South America by President Arthur as a member of a commercial commission, with the rank of envoy extraordinary; he was Mr. Blaine's personal representative in charge of the International American Conference; he founded the Bureau of American Republics, and he was a very important factor in promoting the great World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. He is personally acquainted with the leading personages of the world, and is an authority on politics, diplomacy, and

foreign affairs. He was recently elected president of the famous Gridiron Club of Washington.

LORD SALISBURY, late prime minister of England, is noted, among other things, for his imperturbability, or nerve, a trait which permits him to receive undisturbed news that would excite most people. A day or two before the fate of the first home rule bill was to be decided, a member of his family observed to him, "Really, I don't know how any of us will manage to live through that night." The answer was, "My dear, I am quite sure that for my part I shall sleep comfortably through it."

MADAM MELBA is nothing if not impulsive, and she always becomes tremendously enthusiastic when speaking of her old teacher, Marchesi. "My beloved," she calls her. "I was born singing," the diva declares, but in her deep gratitude she explains that she owes a great deal to Marchesi. She tells you that the Parisian teacher is a wonderful old lady. "And what a worker she is!" says Melba. "I studied ten operatic rôles in nine months under her."

BY THE election of Henry Churchill King, D.D., to the presidency of Oberlin College, a unique man was



DR. HENRY CHURCHILL KING,
Eminent theologian and new presi-
dent of Oberlin College.

chosen to preside over a unique institution. Dr. King is a mediating scholar, philosopher, and theologian, a rare man in these times. Theologians are scarce; mediating theologians who can be impartial and brave, conservative or radical, as the case may require, are scarcer. As a scholar President King has careered over the whole field of modern learning, as it pertains to the doctrine of evolution, the higher criticism of the Bible, especially of the Old Testament, the attack on miracles, the person and work of Christ, the problems of immortality, and he favors reconstruction in theology. Yet he believes that the argument from design for the existence of God has been strengthened by the scientific proofs of evolution, that the greater miracle, Christ's personality, includes the less, that the full, mature results of the higher criticism will produce better laymen and more effective preachers, and that those who do not seek God here, if they have an opportunity hereafter will find the way to Him harder and longer. Oberlin College encourages freedom of thought, on the part of its professors and students. Historically it has been co-educational, has obliterated the color line, and has been the determined foe of the use of intoxicants and of tobacco. It has grown until it has nineteen buildings, some of them as fine as those of any educational institution in the country, and over 1,500 students. President King was the dean of the college throughout the presidency of the late Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D. He is an Oberlin man as a graduate and professor of its college and seminary. In every sense he seems entitled to the presidency and he will fill it worthily. Oberlin was founded, in part, by P. P. Stewart, of Troy, N. Y., inventor of the famous Stewart stoves.

THAT AN Indian should be chosen as a law-maker for white men is a rather striking reversal of what has seemed to be the natural



BEAR TRACKS,
A Sioux Indian elected to the South
Dakota Legislature.—*Cole*.

order. This is a distinction which has befallen Bear Tracks, an Ogallah Sioux, who has been elected a member of the South Dakota House of Representatives. This legislator from the red race ran on the Republican ticket in Fall River County and defeated a fusion opponent. He has also a white man's name, being known as Ellis T. Pierce, and his photograph makes him appear just like a civilized Caucasian. Mr. Pierce, who is fifty-two years old, is at present a real-estate dealer in Hot Springs, S. D., but he has had a varied and at times exciting career. He has been a prospector and miner and has made and lost several fortunes. He has come in contact, sometimes peaceful, sometimes hostile, with some of the most desperate characters of the far West. As sheriff of Custer County he organized the posse which years ago captured "Lame Johnny," the notorious bandit and stage robber of the Black Hills. Mr. Pierce is a man of force and ability, and will doubtless do credit to his legislative position.

IT IS a fact strikingly significant of the genuine worth and truly noble character of ex-Governor Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, that his heartiest admirers and ardent supporters are the people who have known him best and longest and have been brought into most intimate personal association with him in business and otherwise. By his own neighbors and employes at Dalton, the latter numbering thousands, he is fairly idolized, and that for the excellent reason that he has led among them always a simple, unostentatious life, has dealt honestly and justly with every man, has been generous, thoughtful, and considerate for the welfare of others, and has used his wealth

as a trust for the benefit chiefly of his fellow-men and not for the indulgence of selfish desire and foolish and extravagant display. If all men of wealth followed the example of Murray Crane, little would be heard of tirades against the oppressions and wrongs perpetrated by capitalists, because there would be no just occasion for them.

NO BADGE of distinction within the gift of any ruler, any government or any individual or body of indi-

viduals in the world to-day carries with it a finer prestige or the attestation of more genuine merit than the Victoria Cross, so named because it was devised by the late Queen Victoria of England early in her reign as a mark of royal favor and recognition for those who had distinguished themselves by the commission of brave and noble deeds in behalf of their fellow-men. During the fifty years since the cross was designed it has been conferred on comparatively few, and only such as have rendered conspicuous service and could wear it worthily. Among such in later days have been "Chinese"



REAR-ADMIRAL H. J. RABY, V. C.,
The first man to receive the Victoria
Cross from Queen Victoria.

Gordon, Lord Kitchener, Sir Baden Powell, and Lord Roberts. The first man whose gallantry won for him this rare decoration was Admiral Raby, of the Royal Navy, who is still living in hale and hearty old age. Admiral Raby had already done good service on the west coast of Africa and in the Black Sea before he landed with the Naval Brigade to serve in the trenches from October, 1854, to September, 1855. He saw that most of the fighting there was to be seen in the Crimea, and won the cross for bringing in a wounded man under fire at the attack on the Redan on June 18th, 1855. He was subsequently engaged and greatly distinguished himself in the suppression of the slave trade, a service for which he deserves special honor from the American people.

EUROPEAN NEWS-MONGERS have had Tolstoi near to the door of death several times in the past few years, but the old philosopher and novelist keeps on turning out new books at frequent intervals nevertheless, and has just finished a novel, called "Hadji Mouart," which deals with military life in the Caucasus at the time just preceding the insurrection of Schamyl. It will be remembered that Gogol's prose epic "Taras Bulba" had to do chiefly with the life of the people in this same region, and if Tolstoi's story is equal to that in its striking and picturesque qualities, it will be great indeed.

ONE OF the most beautiful stories in all biographical literature is that told of Wendell Phillips, the great orator. He was passionately devoted to his invalid wife, and one day, after he had lectured, his friends urged him not to return to Boston that night. "The last train has left," they said, "and you will be obliged to take a carriage. It will mean twelve miles of cold riding through the sleet." "Ah, yes," he replied, "but at the end of them I shall find Annie Phillips."

AT THE recent great banquet in New York city to celebrate the opening of the magnificent new building

of the Chamber of Commerce, the speech which, next to that of President Roosevelt, attracted the most attention and evoked the loudest applause was the one delivered by Sir Albert K. Rollitt, chairman of the visiting delegation from the London Chamber of Commerce. Sir Albert succeeded in arousing the large assemblage of distinguished financiers and public men to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and when he had concluded the guests rose in a body and gave him a Chautauqua salute with their napkins. Features of his remarks were a compliment to the President, a tribute to the useful service rendered to the community by the chamber, and an appeal for a milder judgment of King George III., because it was he who granted the chamber its charter, in 1768. The speech had the effect of deepening the already pleasant feeling existing between the chambers of commerce of the British and the American metropolis. It also made a good impression wherever it was read. A few days later Sir Albert was the guest of honor at a dinner given at the Metropolitan Club by the Hon. A. B. Hepburn, vice-president of the Chase National Bank, and attended by a number of the most prominent men of the city. Both these events were most gratifying and of real international importance, since they served to make more cordial the relations of the countries represented by the participants.



SIR ALBERT K. ROLLITT,
English financier honored by
New York's leading
business men.

How the Famous Vienna Surgeon, Dr. Lorenz, Does His Wonderful Work

By La Salle A. Maynard

IT WAS my privilege to be present at a clinic held by Dr. Adolf Lorenz, the famous Viennese surgeon, at the Cornell University Medical College in New York on the afternoon of December 18th. My card of invitation announced that operations would begin at three o'clock, and I determined to be on hand early, in the belief that the place would be thronged to such an extent that even invited guests might find it difficult to gain entrance if they came late. And so it proved. I reached the college half an hour before the time designated, but even then all the passages leading to the lecture room were thronged with men and women clamoring for admittance, all intensely eager to catch a glimpse of the great healer and wonder-worker from over the sea.

Policemen and hospital attendants were present to restrain the crowd, through which a passage-way was formed for those bearing cards of admission. The amphitheatre holding about four hundred persons, was more than half full when I arrived, and before three o'clock came it was filled to its utmost capacity, standing-room and all, the aisles and entrance ways, so that late comers were barely able to squeeze through the doors. The crowd remained outside all through, pressing close up to the doors, some peering through the glass and others through the door-way wherever it was opened. A large proportion of the spectators were medical students, a fact made evident by occasional outbursts of applause whenever some noted physician or favorite professor entered the hall. Another predominant element were the regular practitioners, surgeons and physicians, whose studied and professional interest in the proceedings were not to be mistaken. Among the spectators were, perhaps, a score of fashionably-gowned women and a few men of the non-professional order, like myself, including a group of newspaper reporters and several camera men. The hall where the clinic was held was of the usual order of such places, the seats in a semicircle on a floor sharply inclined, and, in the space, or pit, below, a small platform for the operating tables and attendants.

Preceding Dr. Lorenz came a group of neat, white-capped nurses, gentle, kindly-appearing young women, yet with a business-like air and a self-possession and ease of manner that showed that they were no novices in work like this. With them were several men, also in white caps and aprons and with their sleeves rolled up in a fashion that to a layman was plainly suggestive of the butcher-shop. Promptly at three o'clock through a side door to the right of the platform came in Dr. Lorenz, attended by his assistant, Dr. Mueller, Dean Polk of the college faculty, and several physicians of the hospital staff. His appearance at the door was greeted by a hearty round of applause in which all the audience joined, the doctor acknowledging the salvo with a bow and a smile. After a few words of introduction by Dean Polk, Dr. Lorenz was in supreme command.

He began speaking at once, in English, somewhat broken, but in a clear, well-modulated voice, describing the nature of the operations he was about to perform. He held a roll of manuscript in his hand, which he frequently consulted, particularly when he seemed to be at a loss for an English word to express his meaning. Several times in the course of the afternoon when his English failed him thus the doctors in the group about him would supply him the word for which he was evidently searching, at which a smile of relief would overspread his face.

After a preliminary talk, lasting, perhaps, five minutes, a signal was given and the first patient was brought in in the arms of a nurse and laid on the operating table.

It was a little girl apparently about eight years old. She had already been rendered unconscious by some anæsthetic, and no sound escaped her lips. Dr. Lorenz, who was garbed in white, like the others, immediately bent over the child and lifted her up in his arms so that all could see the condition of her limbs, which were crooked and sadly misshapen at the hips. He then began pulling and manipulating the limbs, at times, apparently, exerting all his strength so that the muscles on his own massive arms stood out like cords. It seemed incredible that such strength could be exerted on the limbs of a child and not rend them asunder.

After this kneading and wrenching process had continued for, perhaps, ten minutes, there was an audible click, which, at the moment, I did not understand, but which I learned later was the sound of the joint slipping into its proper socket. It caused a murmur of applause to rise from the professional gentlemen around me, who understood its meaning. Except when his exertions were most strenuous and at the most critical points, the doctor kept up a flow of talk as he worked, explaining each step as he proceeded, and occasionally pausing to point to some change of contour in the limbs as the transforming process neared its completion. When all was done and the child handed over to the nurses to be bandaged, Dr. Lorenz seemed for a moment to be quite exhausted with his efforts and panted for breath. But he immediately resumed his discourse, consulting his manuscript as before, until the next case, a younger child, was laid before him. The first three cases were of congenital dislocation of the hip, and the proceedings in each instance were much the same, the time spent over each varying from fifteen to twenty minutes.

The fourth case was that of Annie Roth, a four-year-old girl afflicted with feet clubbed from birth. Here a marvelous, a golden deed was done, as wonderful as any performed by the miracle-workers of the olden time. The tiny feet were grasped in the strong hands and slowly but surely unrolled, so that when the unconscious form of the child was held upright on the table after the labor was over, they stood as straight and square on the wooden slab as the feet of any normal child would have done. Was it any wonder that afterward, when the waiting mother of that little one saw what had been done and how her hopes and prayers had been answered, she wept tears of joy and gratitude and seemed ready almost to fall down in worship of the man who had done this glorious thing?

As he worked there before us in the group of nurses and doctors, Dr. Lorenz towered above them all, for he is a veritable Titan in more senses than one, being six feet two inches tall; and his massive form, surmounted with the noble, expressive face, the long blond beard sweeping down to his breast, was a sight to see. He had the appearance of a man in the very prime of life, with the full, bright eyes and the glow upon his cheeks that spoke of careful living and the high tide of health. His manner was frank, simple, winning, and absolutely unaffected. In the course of his talk he spoke with the utmost frankness of some failures he had made in spite of all his experience and training, his evident purpose being to dispel any impression that he considered himself infallible and his methods beyond all chance of occasional miscarriage.

Dr. Lorenz impressed me deeply, as I think he must all who saw him that day, as a cool, clear-headed, resourceful man, a thorough master of himself and of his profession, yet the farthest possible removed from the charlatan, the self-seeker, the lover of notoriety. He seemed to me, rather, like the true type of the good physician, an up-to-date McLure, tender-hearted, large of soul, a man whom one could learn to love as a brother and trust as a physician skilled in all the mysteries of the healing art. His very presence in a sick-room, I am sure, would be a healing benediction. While the necessity was upon him

of laying seemingly violent hands upon the frail forms before him, one could but feel that a kindly spirit was dominant there; that the little ones were in safe hands and all would be well with them at last.

Having had one experience before at a clinical operation of the ordinary kind where the knife was used, an experience which I had never cared to repeat, I had gone to witness this demonstration of the new surgery with not a little trepidation and some mistrust of myself, fearing that in spite of its being a "bloodless" affair, I should see or hear something which would upset my nerves as they had been upset before on the occasion referred to; and if so, I knew that it was a place where I ought not to be, both on my own account and still more on account of others. But these fears happily proved groundless. It was, to be sure, not a spectacle one could wish to look upon for long, the misshapen forms of little children lying there in mute, pitiful helplessness, their tiny limbs being wrenched, pulled, twisted, swung, and pounded by the hands of that giant for what seemed so long a time that one could but wonder that any life was left in the poor, frail bodies.

Only once in all that hour and a half was a sound heard from the lips of the little ones on the tables. The second child brought in was a plump little girl, a pretty creature not over four or five years of age. With her the anæsthetic had not yet quite done its blessed work, and as she was laid on the table one sharp, plaintive wail rang through the room, "Mamma! Mamma!" Then all was still. But that cry! Who could hear it, that pitiful appeal from the baby lips and not feel moved to the depths of his being? Surely not the fathers present and more surely not the mothers, if there were any such in the room, for it was a sound to call up love and tenderness in every heart and, perhaps, with some, the question, "What if that were my child?" But with this exception the children passed through the operations with no evident sign of suffering. They came in limp and unconscious and were carried out in the same condition. Under the hands of Dr. Lorenz they seemed like irregular lumps of plastic human clay, which he moulded into finer shape at his will.

One may well believe that modern anæsthetic agencies as a palliative for human suffering have never had a diviner mission, a more vital and essential use, than in these operations of bloodless surgery. I have not seen the testimony of any surgeon on this point, but it seems obvious that, so far as the infliction of pain upon a conscious person is concerned, these operations would be attended with far more suffering than where the work was done with a knife. The awful agony that would be caused by this violent twisting of bones and joints, this tearing of muscles and ligaments, it makes one shudder to think of. In the case of children such work without the aid of an anæsthetic would be impossible and unthinkable. But as it is, thanks to the power of the deadening vapor, these wonderful things are done, the crooked limbs straightened, the helpless, useless, deformed bodies, wrought over into shapes of comeliness and symmetry, set upon their feet and sent on rejoicing into a larger and happier life. It will never be St. Adolf of Vienna, for it is not the way of the world now to confer the degree of sainthood upon those who do large and noble things for suffering humanity, but many a man has been canonized and is now in the calendar of the blessed with a halo around his head who has done less for his fellow-men than this great-hearted surgeon from the Austrian capital.

A Notable Y. M. C. A. Event.

IF RELIGIOUS faith is declining, as various men in various quarters have been loudly averring in recent days, it is clearly not the kind of religious faith represented by the Young Men's Christian Association. Striking testimony to the virility, strength, and progressiveness of this organization was afforded at the recent annual banquet of the international committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, held at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. At this banquet were present over four hundred of the most representative men of the country, capitalists, educators, doctors of divinity, generals of the army, presidents of railroads, judges, editors, and other men from almost every rank and profession, who gave rapt and earnest attention to a series of ten-minute addresses, extending over two hours, and devoted almost wholly to setting forth in facts and figures the marvelous growth of the Young Men's Christian Associations during the past year. The speakers were, for the most part, young men, the secretaries of the various departments of the international work, and a finer, nobler, manlier body of young men we do not believe could be brought together by any movement in the world to-day. Their speeches were models of conciseness, force, aptness and genuine eloquence, no one of them having these characteristics more than that of the young colored man who spoke of the work that the association is doing among the men of his race. Others who addressed the gathering were the veteran General S. V. M. Young, who bore emphatic testimony to the effective service rendered by the association among the soldiers in Cuba and the Philippines; Commissioner McFarland, of the District of Columbia, and President Lucius Tuttle, of the Boston and Maine

Need of Emotionalism in Religion.

IT WAS quite natural and therefore not surprising that President Eliot, of Harvard, should condemn emotionalism in religion, as he did the other day at a Methodist preachers' meeting in Boston. President Eliot's own religious training, his life-long environment and associations, all go to produce such a state of feeling as he expressed. It does not follow, however, that he is right. It is true there may be at times too much emotionalism in religion, and there may also as truly be far too little. It is our own belief that the church life of the day sees too little of it for its own good and for the general advancement of religion. Far better and more in keeping with the true spirit of religion is an occasional show of genuine emotion, both in the pulpit and in the pew, than the hard, dry formalism, or the painful observance of the so-called proprieties which characterizes the services in many of our churches. President Eliot probably belongs to that class of men who pride themselves on their self-control, who would regard it as unmanly and almost a shameful thing for a preacher to give way to tears or to any other display of feeling while conducting a religious service; but, for our own part, we had much rather witness such outbursts occasionally, when they are born of genuine emotion, than to sit through a discourse under a speaker who never allows himself to be swerved in tone or manner from the icy path of studied rhetoric and learned argument. It is well, no doubt, that there are men in the world under such absolute control of their softer and tenderer impulses and feelings as President Eliot, and it is just as well also that there are not too many of them; for if we were all constituted that way the world would soon freeze up solid. A church should not be an ice-box.

The Modern Miracle—The Newspaper.

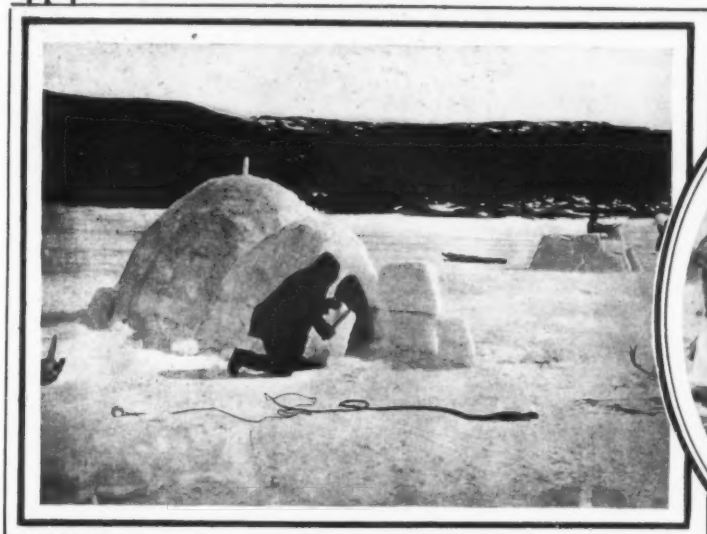
THE PRESS of the United States, as well as the reading public generally, should offer a vote of thanks to the Philadelphia North American for taking legal action against a correspondent who sent it false news. One of the hardest tasks of the editor of a great newspaper is to secure the assistance of reliable men. If the public appreciated the labor and expense it costs a great newspaper to weed out and get rid of correspondents who deal too lightly with the truth, there would be less complaint of so-called "yellow" journals. The modern newspaper is a miracle, when one considers what it produces, the expedition of the process, and, on the whole, the accuracy and reliability of its service.



CHRISTIAN ESQUIMAU CONGREGATION STADLY RETURNING HOME FROM CHURCH AT OKAK.—Daniels.



FAITHFUL DOG-TEAM WHICH DREW A MEDICAL MISSIONARY HUNDREDS OF MILES ON HIS VISITS OF MERCY.—Grenfell.



ESQUIMAU ERECTING A GLITTERING MANSION FOR HIMSELF AND FAMILY.—Grenfell.



DARLINGS AND PETS OF AN ESQUIMAU HOUSEHOLD.—Daniels.



PATIENTLY WATCHING FOR A SEAL AT A HOLE IN THE ICE BEHIND A SHELTER.—Grenfell.



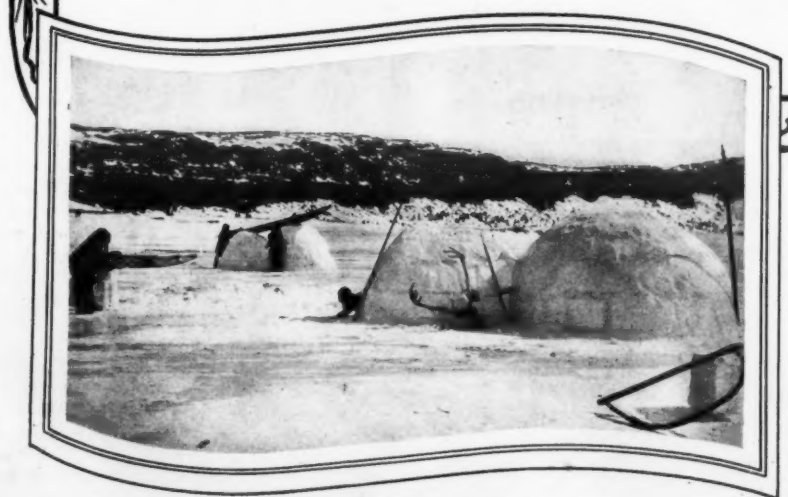
NEEDY FISHERMAN'S WRETCHED CABIN ON THE INHOSPITABLE COAST.—Daniels.



TWO COY AND BLUSHING BELLES OF HUDSON'S BAY.—Grenfell.



ESQUIMAU NURSE-MAIDS CARING FOR CHILDREN OF MISSIONARIES AT NAIN.—Daniels.



BUILDING BOOM AT A NEW TOWN-SITE IN ESQUIMAU LAND.—Grenfell.



HUGE FISHES CAPTURED BY THE ABORIGINES WITH PRIMITIVE WEAPONS.—Grenfell.

OUT-OF-THE-WAY WORLD OF BLEAK AND STORMY LABRADOR.
PEEPS AT A LAND WHERE LIFE IS ALWAYS STRENUOUS, AND AT ITS PECULIAR ABORIGINES, THE ESQUIMAUX.

See page 32.



WASSILI VERESTCHAGIN,
The brilliant and celebrated
Russian painter.

Verestchagin

INCIDENTS IN A GREAT PAINTER'S CAREER

By T. Williams

GREAT WAS the stir in art circles last spring when Wassili Verestchagin, the eminent Russian painter, whose genius is recognized by the critics and connoisseurs of all lands, arrived in the United States; and during his sojourn here of some ten months he did not cease to be a personage of unusual interest. The artist's visit was not induced by the mere desire to acquaint himself with the country, for he had been among us before. He came with a definite purpose to pursue his calling and he worked almost as assiduously while on American soil as he would have done had he remained in his studio at Moscow. The result was distinct new artistic achievements and the making of his name a household word in America.

In far-off Russia, Verestchagin followed the course of the Spanish-American conflict with keen attention, and he who had studied actual war at first hand was struck with the exploits of one Colonel Theodore Roosevelt in battle in Cuba. It occurred to him that the charge up the hill of San Juan would be an excellent theme for a historical painting. Especially did this idea impress him after the commander of the rough riders had become President of the United States. The chief figure in that memorable scene had attained to world-wide fame and bade fair to occupy a lofty place in history. So potent an incident in the career of such a man seemed particularly worthy of pictorial commemoration. Therefore, in February last, Verestchagin journeyed across the seas with the object in view of depicting the noteworthy event on canvas. Into this task he threw himself with enthusiasm and at it he wrought unflaggingly for months. The large picture which he produced was entitled "Battle of San Juan." It was exhibited recently with other of his works in the Astor gallery at the Waldorf-Astoria and attracted a multitude of sightseers. At the sale of the collection it was purchased by a Brooklyn gentleman for \$18,000. It represents the rough riders on the right and the dismounted regular cavalymen on the left rushing up the steep slope in broken array, in the foreground, while in the background, near the hill-top and just in front of the Spanish fort, somewhat dimmed by the smoke, is seen the form of Colonel Roosevelt on horseback, well in the lead, waving his hat and shouting "Come on, boys," to his valiant followers.

Be the art value of the work what it may—and critics differ on the subject—it is full of life, spirit and color, and the details have been elaborated with exactest skill. Variations from historical accuracy have been pointed out and the picture as a whole is less striking than many another from Verestchagin's brush, but for all that it is a credit to his powers. The story of the production of the painting is certainly interesting, and I give it as it was told to me, substantially, as follows, by Verestchagin himself:

"We Russians read all the news about the war between the United States and Spain with much interest. Among the dispatches was one telling how Colonel Roosevelt, reaching the front at the foot of San Juan hill, found there a body of United States regulars at a standstill. 'Why are these troops not moving forward?' he asked of the officer in command of them. 'The colonel is not here and there is no one with authority to order them to advance,' was the reply. 'Well, I am your ranking officer and I give you that order,' said Colonel Roosevelt. The officer of the regulars demurred and declared that he could obey only his own superior. 'Then I will go ahead myself,' remarked Colonel Roosevelt, and shouting 'Come on, boys,' he galloped up the hill. With cheers the rough riders dashed after their leader; the regulars caught the infection of his bravery and they, too, including their lately hesitant officer, went up with a rush and the combined forces captured the works. When I read this I realized Colonel Roosevelt's forceful personality and perceived that he was an extraordinary man. I at once conceived the notion of painting that historical happening. I did not act on my thought at once, but after the colonel had been elevated to the Presidency I saw more clearly than ever its significance and I determined to carry out the plan.

"Reaching Washington in February, I was introduced to the President, who approved of my project. In order to get an accurate idea of the locality I went to Cuba and carefully studied the ground and surroundings of the fight. Then I returned to Washington, and by official permission set up a studio at Fort Myers, near the capital. After the picture was well under way the President came to take a look at it. His interest in it was shown by repetitions of the visit and some sound criticisms. At his suggestion I reduced the number of figures in the painting, his contention being that the soldiers were shown in too close order. Then he spoke of the omission of certain flowers and of a tree on the summit of the hill, which had red leaves. I told him that I had seen none of these. 'Oh, that was because you were there at the wrong time of the year,' he asserted. 'I shall go back to Cuba and see,' I answered. I did so, going there in the month of the battle, and found that the President was

absolutely correct. His gift of observation and his memory are remarkably good.

"Well, in time I completed the picture and brought it to my studio in New York to give it the finishing touches. Some time afterward the President was in the city, and having an hour to spare, he called at the studio to hold a final inspection of the painting. He appeared to be greatly pleased with it and in a hearty tone exclaimed: 'Now that is first rate.' Having examined it thoroughly and chatted about it for a while, he took his leave after saying, earnestly: 'I thank you for the great honor you have done me.'"

In describing his stay in Cuba, Verestchagin incidentally mentioned that he had lost a valuable gold watch in the tall grass near San Juan hill. He had carried the time-piece for twenty years and prized it highly. "I suppose," he remarked with a twinkle in his eye, "somebody will find it some day and then it will be announced that a watch belonging to one of the officers slain in the battle has been recovered. It will be treasured as a war relic and may be sent to some historical museum." The deep impression made on the artist by the President's strength and energy was expressed in words of admiration. He said, half seriously, that it was a good thing for the Old World that Mr. Roosevelt could remain in the presidential office but little longer than six years at most, for if he were a ruler for life he would yet capture all Europe.

Besides the central attraction the Verestchagin collection contained some quite remarkable paintings bearing on Napoleon's disastrous invasion of Russia. These, with more of the same character, have been bought by the Czar at a reported price of \$100,000. This fact would seem to refute Verestchagin's modest application to himself of the saying that "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." Other pictures represented the results of the artist's tours in many lands—for he has been a great traveler. He spent years in India and ascended the lofty snow-clad peaks of the Himalayas. He has been in China and the Philippines, and he was with the Russian forces in central Asia and during the Russo-Turkish conflict. Wherever he went he made studies that afterward were developed into pictures of the first order. Exploring and gleaning in new fields, he was enabled to get out of the ruts of art, to eschew hackneyed themes, and to produce works that were original and impressive. He acknowledges his indebtedness to travel, for in the course of our conversation he said:

"Everybody should travel. Travel will benefit everybody—the public man, the business man, the writer, the artist, all persons of any occupation. If we stay too long in one spot we become narrowed and stagnant. We need to go out into the world to be quickened and to get new ideas. My journeys have supplied me with much material for my paintings. I do not say that no one can be a great artist who travels not at all, or but little. There have been instances of artists—men of genius—who scarcely ever went away from their homes and who yet produced immortal works. That was in the days when facilities for travel were limited and they had every excuse for not going abroad. It is not such a task now to travel."

When questioned as to what qualities were essential to the making of a great painter, Verestchagin said: "First, a man must have a desire to be a painter, just as one who wishes to be a business man or a politician must have a taste, a bent, a wish in that line. He must possess a certain natural gift and the artistic temperament. Added to these come the will and the capacity for hard and continual toil. If one would succeed as a painter he must labor in his calling with not less assiduity than those who are engaged in other pursuits. Not only must he be quick to discern the beautiful and the striking, he must not omit any pains in delineating them. What measure of success I have had has been gained through persistent and painstaking work. In my student days I gave myself up to the service of art with all my soul. Early and late I studied and sketched and painted. I refrained from the social enjoyments and the dissipation which distracted many of my fellow-students and prevented them from fully exerting and developing their artistic powers. I have known men of exceptional talent who advanced to a certain stage of promise and performance, but stopped right there. They did not become what they were capable of being. They were cases of arrested development. Work with me has always been a passion and a habit. Even now I continue to rely on drudgery. At my home in Moscow I shut myself up in my studio and work, work, work. I do not allow social exactions to intrude on my time and interfere with my art efforts. I rarely receive anybody or attend any social function. I never have anybody come in to smoke a cigarette with me. I relax in the bosom of my family and sometimes go to a play or the opera. I am a toiler, for such I wish and such I need to be. People may think that I paint easily, but that is not so. Every picture is difficult, often a heart-breaking task. Something is likely to go wrong and at first I am not able to tell just what it is. There is a flaw somewhere, but I cannot place my finger on it. The defect may be in the color, the form of some object, the pose of some figure. I only know that I am not satisfied with what I have achieved; then am I in trouble and sometimes in despair. I cannot eat, I cannot



"BATTLE OF SAN JUAN."

Verestchagin's notable picture of the up-hill charge which made Colonel Roosevelt famous.—Copyright, 1902, by Henry D. Macdonald.

sleep. I become nervous and irritable. I am disagreeable to everybody around me. I have periods of anguish of that sort lasting sometimes for two weeks. I strive and strive in vain to find a way out of my perplexity. Then suddenly a gleam of light will break through the clouds. I get an inkling of just where the defect is and at length that flashes upon me clearly and fully. The agony is over and I proceed exultantly to finish the picture. So severe is the strain of my profession upon me that I would not have a child of mine become an artist."

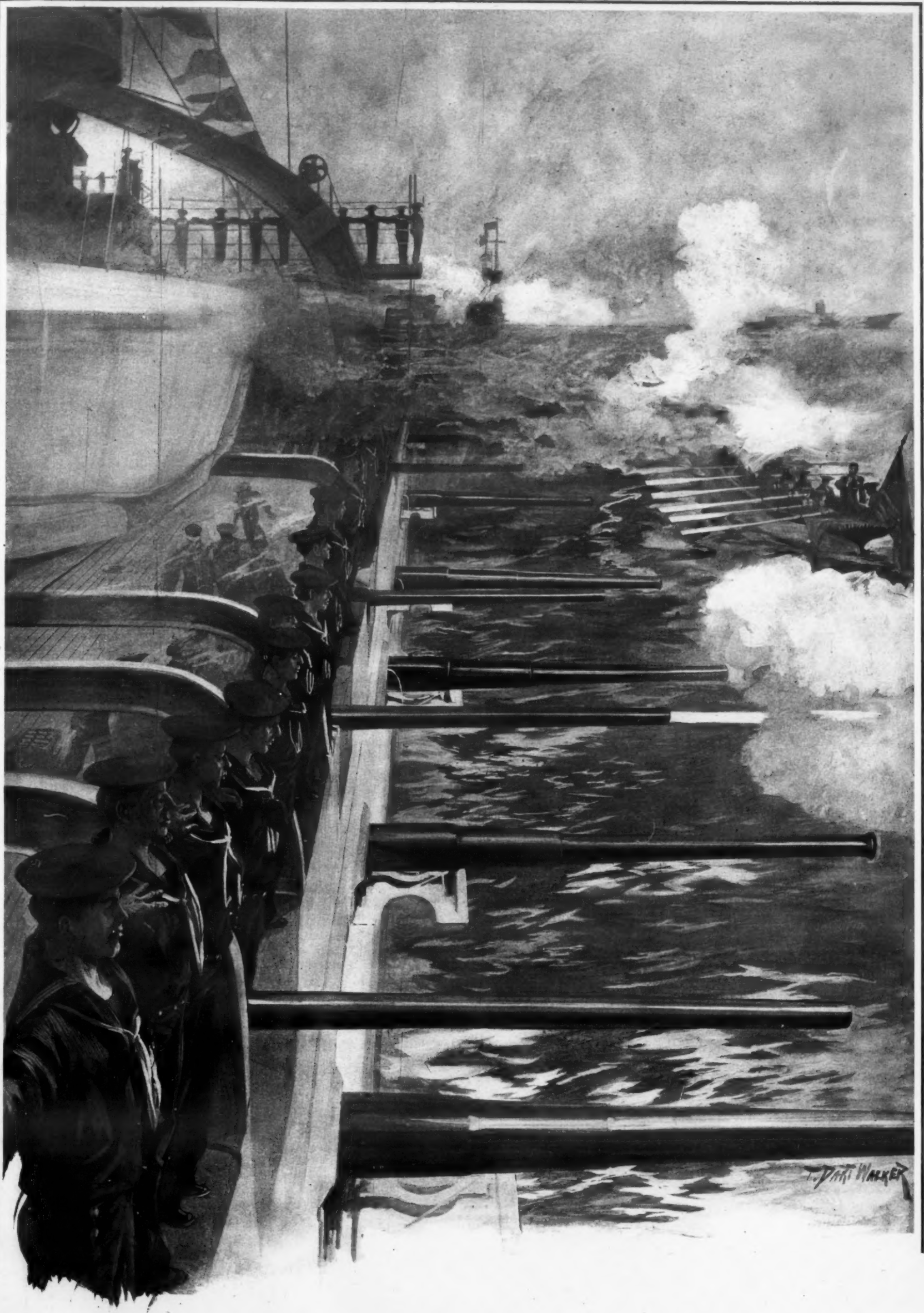
But notwithstanding the arduous exertion that painting demands of him Verestchagin is so indefatigable and so industrious that his productions would fill a good-sized gallery of themselves. He could not state the exact number, but admitted that there were several hundreds of them. Once on a time when he had a studio in Munich his productiveness was so astonishing that he was accused of employing assistants to aid him in turning out his canvases. The society of artists at Munich, however, made a rigid investigation, and learned that during the three years in question not a person had used a brush in Verestchagin's premises except himself. The indomitable and untiring master of his craft was thus vindicated before the world.

Verestchagin expressed himself frankly on the art conditions to-day and on what he considered the proper mission of the painter. He said: "What do we find most of the painters doing to-day? With technical skill they give us neat representations of a pig, a cow, a tree, or a bit of water, or a section of landscape. But what are they doing for society? Where are their depictions of the social life of their lands and their times—the conventions, the balls, the banquets, and other notable assemblages of men and women, where the manners and costumes of the era are exemplified? Who, two hundred or five hundred years hence, on looking at the pictures of this generation that may be preserved until then in private or public galleries can tell how the people of this day looked and dressed and acted? So far as pictorial proof is concerned the society of this century will seem to have consisted only of pigs, cows, and trees. The principal art need of the time is pictures that will hand down to future ages the appearance and costume of the associated life of the community. Do you ask me why I paint war instead of scenes of peace and elegance? Well, armies are a part of the social system and their doings a part of the social activity. Thus am I consistent so far as I go. Then, again, instead of the tame subjects which I have alluded to, there is the wide field of the passions. Paintings that represent love, hate, revenge, and the like—how much more elevated and inspiring are works with such themes. Why do not painters take hold of these and ignore cows and pigs and trees? I will tell you the secret. It is a great deal easier to paint a cow, or a pig, or a tree than to paint a picture of society or passion."

Verestchagin willingly conceded to American painters ability and technical skill. But he wondered why they went to foreign lands for subjects when their own country overflowed with these. He appeared to regard America as a magnificent domain which the devotees of art had barely begun to exploit. "As for the artistic sense of the American people, he said that it had developed greatly since his previous visit to the United States and was still developing rapidly. Ultimately, in this, as in many other respects, he expected Americans to surpass the peoples of the Old World.

Asked which of his pictures he considered his best, Verestchagin would give no opinion. He evidently appreciated many of them about equally. He was then questioned as to what subjects were his favorite ones. He replied: "I have no special partiality for any. When a subject attracts me and I begin to work on it, it is for the time being my favorite. Whatever I am doing absorbs me. Whether it be a simple or a complex task, it is all the same." It may be inferred, however, from

Continued on page 39.



HOW THE NAVY SALUTES THE PRESIDENT.
CREW OF THE "KEARSARGE," AT NEWPORT, R. I., MANNING SHIP AND FIRING TWENTY-ONE GUNS AS PRESIDENT
ROOSEVELT RIDES PAST IN THE ADMIRAL'S BARGE.

Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by T. Dart Walker.



ROW OF TYPICAL DWELLINGS IN THE PHILIPPINES MADE OF BAMBOO AND NIPA LEAVES.



BEGINNING AT THE TOP, THE FILIPINOS CONSTRUCT THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE FIRST.

Building a Home in the Philippines

By Jeannette M. Goldman

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, December 1st, 1902.

DURING THE months of July, August, September and October, the bamboo is at its best. It is cut and hauled in small carabao carts to market for making all sorts of necessary articles, such as chairs, tables, benches, baskets, chicken crates and rope, and for building stables, storehouses, fences, and the Philippine house. Bamboo takes the place of wood and pretty much everything else. It is absolutely indispensable to the native. With bamboo and a bolo he provides a house for himself and family as well as a meal.

When cut bamboo is of a beautiful smooth, shiny, emerald green. In a few days it turns yellow. When dry, it takes a high polish on being rubbed.

Bamboo grows in thick tufts along the roads and streams; in fact, skirts every piece of untilled ground. It starts from the ground like asparagus and sends up a long, straight shoot, sixty feet high and eighteen inches in circumference, leafless and branchless. All this is to show what it can do in its first six months' growth. Then it begins to feather out with long, bending branches and drooping leaves. At the end of the third year's growth it is matured and ready for cutting and building purposes. "Bajuca," the rattan, grows in the dense jungle woods. Its stem of uniform thickness, split into strands or ribbons, is used for tying the framing of the house and

sewing the nipa shingles. It takes the place of twine, rope, and nails. The nipa palm grows in swampy places along the river deltas near the seashore. The long leaves have the appearance of immense ferns. Cut green they are lapped over a thin strip of bamboo and laced together with bajuca, and then they are the shingles used for both thatching and frequently siding the houses.

The typical Philippine house rests on four or eight heavy bamboo poles set firmly in the ground. The floor is raised from six to eight feet above the ground. There is not a nail in the whole structure. The frame is bamboo, tied together with bajuca; the sides and roof are of nipa shingles and bamboo framing, as described. The floor is made of bamboo strips from one to three inches wide, with the convex side up. Under this more bamboo three inches wide is laid crosswise, the pieces being four inches apart, and the two sets of bamboo are tied together securely in place.

The simplest form of house, which is that of the majority, contains but one room for cooking, eating and sleeping. The framing for the roof is made first, serving as guide to the size of the house. The stilts, or corner posts, which keep the house four or five feet above ground, are then put in place, and then the roof framing is raised and tied in position. All this being finished, the next step to make the house habitable is putting the nipa shingles

in place. These are quickly and accurately laid, overlapping all but one inch. This makes an odd-looking roof, like that seen by travelers in northern Europe, and it lasts about four years. The roof and floor being finished, the children, pet rooster, and household goods move in, and are sheltered and couched luxuriously on the airy, grilled floor.

The building of a house is usually interrupted at this unfinished stage, like the chaptered story of the novel, to be continued in the next. This next chapter in the house-building may never be completed, for, after all, house-building does cost money even in the Philippines, and money is slowly accumulated. For there is the tax-gatherer always promptly on hand at the end of this first chapter of house-building, who will not be denied. Then there is the purchase of that one article of raiment, the girth about the loins, and of utensils that wear out. But this house is really finished by crowning the summit of the ridge with a triple rounded ladder of bamboo that transfixes the top shingles and keeps them from being blown away by typhoon or hurricane.

The cost of the building is about \$30, the time occupied in erecting it about two weeks, and the labor spent upon it that of four men. Simple and cheap as is the structure, it usually shelters about as happy a family as can be found in any spot.

Curious Customs of the Labrador Esquimaux

By Dr. Wilfred Grenfell*

ESQUIMAU, or raw-meat-eater, is really a term of opprobrium applied, by their all-time enemies the North American Indians, to that gentle circumpolar race, who style themselves "Innuits" or "The People," in the humble faith that when the Almighty had tried His "prentice hand" on the rest of creation, He turned His attention northward.

The arrival in the world of the youthful Esquimau is not greeted by the orthodox cradle and swaddling clothes. Practically, till he can shift for himself, he lives absolutely naked inside his mother's sealskin blouse, skin to skin keeping him warm. This arrangement allows the mother to go about her work almost immediately, and she can also travel and hunt without a perambulator, and without having to leave any one home to "mind" the baby. The mother's dress is almost exactly like the father's, except that it has a long sort of tail reaching nearly to the ground, embryo, no doubt, of the modern "train."

Spared the miseries of soap and water, and early weaned to the readily swallowed diet of blubber and raw seal meat, the infant rapidly develops that invaluable layer of subcutaneous fat, which, while it enhances the "jolly" appearance of the lad, and the shapeliness of the maidens, assists materially in economy in clothing. Thus in their frigid clime, once in their skin tent, the whole family will divest themselves of every stitch of clothing, unembarrassed by the fact that so many families share the tent with them. Sociability is early developed, when one's next-door neighbor on each side is only separated by an imaginary line between the deerskin you sleep on and the one he does. The winter deerskin serves as bed and bedding at night, and as parlor furniture in the day. Community of goods is almost imperative under this arrangement. Thus, when one kills a seal all are fed, and likewise, when he doesn't, all go hungry together. An Esquimau is literally Scriptural in "taking no thought for the morrow," which saves him many a worry that even a millionaire must carry. He always seems in a merry mood. We always say of the Esquimaux that they never grow to be more than old boys and old girls. They, how-

ever seldom last the allotted three-score years and ten.

Escaping the trials of a modern education, the Esquimau learns to read the book of nature and to wrest a living under circumstances that would starve any European. The marvelous way in which two Esquimaux preserved the live of nineteen of the crew of the ill-fated *Polaris* is a matter of history. For nineteen people to live on a floating ice-pan for three months and to drift with it 2,000 miles without losing a life is a world's record. Given a dead seal and nothing else, how to provide every human necessity is the great problem they have succeeded in solving. The skin makes windproof clothing, which, with a shirt of bird-skins, is all they require. It makes, stitched with tendon from the reindeer's back, boots that one can wade in all day, and yet go dry shod. The house is built in summer of skin, in winter of snow. The boats are built of bone framework covered with skin. The kajak is able to live in almost any sea. It is able to carry two large seals, and the wife herself sometimes rides on the outside. Lashed to another they can carry sail and are then lifeboats. If one capsizes, a single stroke will right it, while an oilskin frock, made of stretched bowel-skin, and lashed round the wrists and the opening of the boat, has kept a single drop from entering. The boat is so light a man can carry it on his back and so swift he can beat two men in a punt.

For the women the Esquimau builds a large square boat called an "Oomiak." One came in recently, master and owner, "Anannak" of Kangiva. It was almost square, flat-bottomed, carrying a central square sail. In it the man had two up-to-date wives, who did all the rowing, nineteen relations, mostly his own children, eight dogs, two tents, sledge, half a ton of seal oil in three puncheons, his kajak, lances, harpoons, and all his household goods. Depositing one wife and family in a tent on the beach, he took the rest into the mountains for six weeks' deer hunting. The Esquimau never uses a nail, and every bit of the frame of the boat is lashed together with strips of skin. His native weapons are a bow of whalebone and arrows tipped with flint. His harpoon is weighted and tipped with the tusk of a bull walrus. His lines, harness, and ropes are of skin, and his fishing line of strips of whalebone, with an ivory hook. To catch geese he uses a kind of bola; that is, a number of small blocks of ivory on

separate strips, lashed to the end of a line. Hiding behind a high rock he flings these into a flight of geese. I have seen a boat's bailer made from the ivory of a mammoth's tusk, and the owner (a friend from Alaska) told me that they had fed their dogs on the remnants of that monster of a prehistoric age, preserved by the genial climate of their native land.

To light his house, the Esquimau has window panes of seal bowel, and his lamp is scooped out of a stone, with a wick made of moss flattened by being grown in a rocky crevice. He can control it by putting his lump of blubber nearer or farther from it, while an extra wick enables him to cook. As a rule, he prefers his food raw and rotten, as his dogs do. Thus he spears deer in the summer in the lakes and leaves them to rot till he needs them in winter. His kettles are also stone and have whalebone handles. His features, and some say his descent, are Mongolian. Might is right in an Esquimau community, yet the Esquimaux seldom quarrel. Occasionally they will stealthily kill a tyrannical man, and at the instigation of whalers at Cape Prince of Wales they took and shot two of their number guilty of murder. As a rule, they take no notice whatever of wrong doing. They are loyal and plucky in a tight corner and hospitable to a fault. Their code of morals is not ours. They never grieve over "spilt milk," seeming to forget a thing as soon as it is over. "Ajaunmat," i. e., it can't be helped, with a shrug of the shoulder, is their philosophy. They had originally no word for "God" or for "love." Yet they believed in devils and an existence after death. This is plainly shown by their graves. These are so constructed that the corpse can look out if he wishes, and all his possessions are put in his grave, in case he may come back and want them. I have seen even a man's gun, priceless possession, in the grave. Wanting on one occasion to get some stone remains from a grave, I quite satisfied the Esquimau I sent to get the things by giving him some old razors to put in instead of what he took out. It did not seem to occur to him that the ghost had never learnt to shave.

The patience and the endurance of the Esquimaux make them excellent companions, and the fact is, the more we know of them the more we like them. That they have capacities to develop is proved by the work of the Moravian brethren among them in many different regions.

* Dr. Wilfred Grenfell is in charge of the hospital ship of the Royal Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, and in performance of his medical duties for many years has been brought into close association with the people, Esquimaux as well as whites, along the coast and in the interior of Labrador.

The Story of a Mining-camp

By a Tenderfoot at Tonopah



TWO MILLIONAIRES, FRANK GOLDEN AND JIM BUTLER, LATELY ONLY POOR PROSPECTORS.

IT WAS on the little V. and T., and he bounced through the door at Mound House. He was unshaven and the alkali was in his eyebrows. There were unsewed seams in his mud-stained coat, and his red-rimmed eyes behind his spectacles were like a government entomologist's with a new and unclassified beetle.

"I heard you remark that you were from Tonopah," I said.

He blew a wreath from his frayed cigar butt and into my

face. He spoke blatantly as the man who announces the races at the Mott Haven games. That was Western and I liked it.

"No, sir; no one in Nevada has any particular home. I'm at present from Tonopah. Walked in there two months after Jim Butler hit it—walked in with four silver dollars in my pocket. Slept in a mule corral for three weeks. Lived on canned salmon and sardines. Froze in a twenty by sixteen all winter. Got onto a part of the Mizpah. Leased a claim and took out a bunch of ore. Worked the windlass myself, and now"—he stopped to bite a piece savagely from the end of the shriveled tobacco leaf—"and now I'm a millionaire."

So, at last, I had him in front of me. The man whom I had only seen before in foreign environment—with a background absolutely at variance with his proper nature. I had seen him before among the gew-gaws and bric-à-brac of his Washington palace; I had seen him before as he lolled back in his victoria on the cliff drive and tried to think that he was enjoying himself; I had seen him before at a table at the Holland House and at the Waldorf-Astoria with his napkin under his celluloid and leering over canvas-backs and *marron glacé*, but I had never before seen him in the first flush of his flamboyant American career to political fame and social eminence, and I sat back with a resonant down-Easter's "Gosh!"

The capitalist from Virginia City had waked up. He blinked once, he winked twice, he put his stubby fingers

into the right-hand pocket of his coat to see that no one had extracted the rich piece of ore he had just showed me. Then he opened his mouth like a fish—the kind that open their jaws on the bottom and stir up the mud for blinding the small fry—and looked at the man from Tonopah.

"You have made a million," I said, leaning over toward him. "Now, I suppose you'll go East—buy a house, have a fling—that's the regulation thing to do."

He laughed. "Not me, pardner."

"Vat vill you do?" put in the capitalist from Virginia.

"Make another million." He spoke with all the assurance of the king who, with forty men, "marched up the hill and down again." He even threw back the lapel of his coat and extracted a fresh cigar with the swagger of a ward politician who is in with the ring. He lighted it slowly and allowed his remark to sink deeply into the pessimistic soul of the man from Massachusetts.

"I will sell you a lot in Oakland; that is the place for Nevada millionaires," eagerly said the man of Virginia. He had told me that he was seventy-six and had parted company with the men and methods of Nevada's great camp, with half a million of his own. He had retired from business and had lost his wife, but the old fire was still in him. Habit doesn't lessen with gray hairs.

"I am going to buy a house in Oakland," said the man

came to Nevada he'd be treated just like any other man. Give 'em my name at the mine and go down."

Thus it was that I met the man who would some day hold a seat in the Senate of the United States, the names of whose wife and offspring would head the paragraphs of those delectable columns written by the "Saunterer." Already I saw in my mind's eye that white-sided, gilt-topped palace of his upon Dupont Circle. Would it not be wise to see from whence had come this fortune and through what privations the man of the desert had passed? And so it was I went to Tonopah.

To go to Tonopah you leave Reno upon the single-track Virginia and Truckee and at Mound House shift to a narrow-gauge which runs through the desert and past a great thirty-mile stretch of dead gray water called Walker Lake, past a straggling line of Washoe wickey-ups, until you reach a bunch of trees and two hotels. This is Hawthorne, and you try to sleep until five o'clock next morn, when you crawl out to be admired by red-blanketed, thick-nosed squaws, and take another train for Sodaville. You reach three bar-rooms and a store at six-thirty, and there begin a sixty-mile stage drive across an aching, void and desolate waste to a town of but two years of age with 3,000 souls and fifteen millions of dollars of gold and silver waiting to be carted to the milling works. The stage was six-horse and the driver—"Tawm"

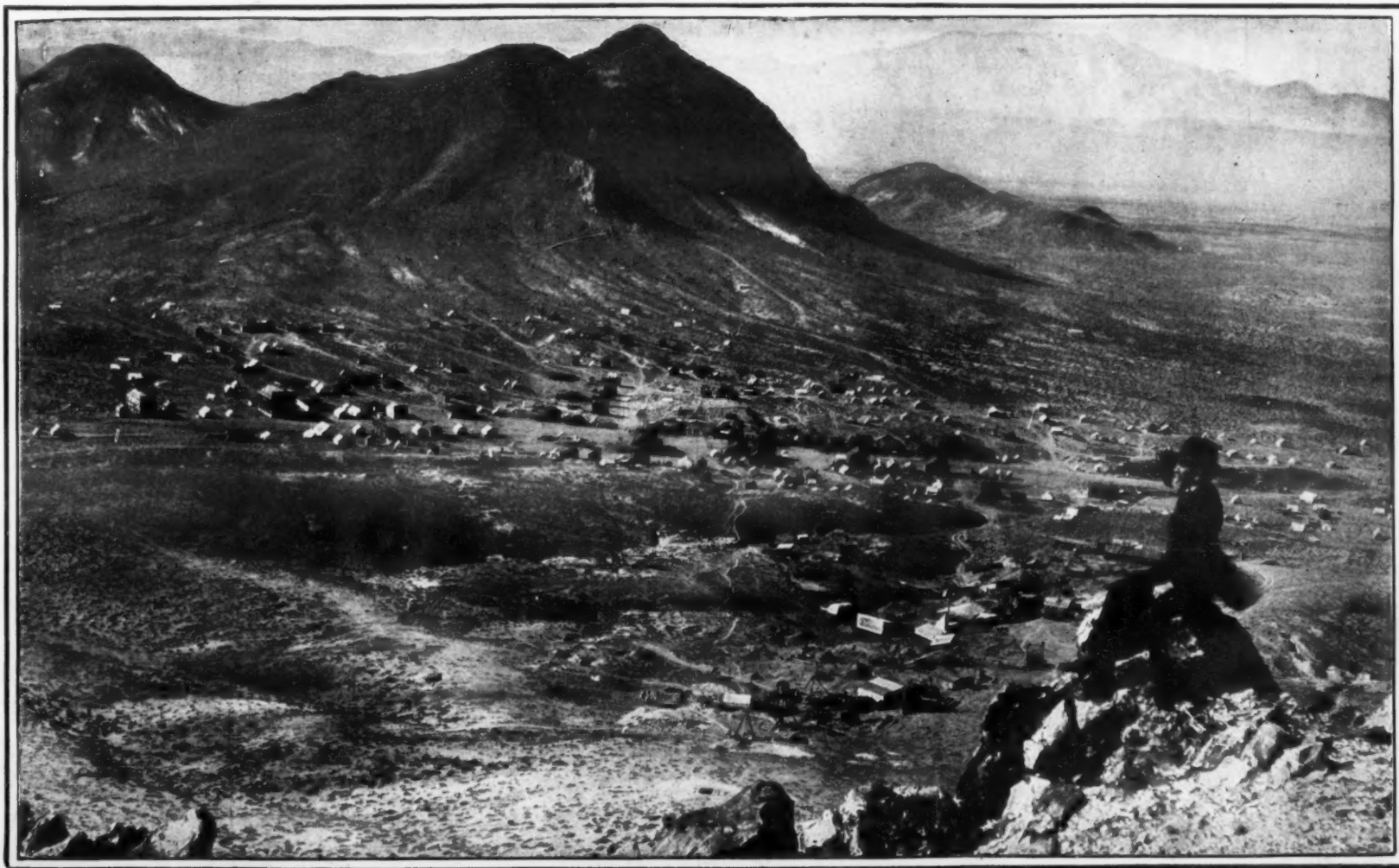
—had no palate. When first his guttural grunts reached us in the rear we thought that the old mining man from Colorado, who was also on the front seat, was attempting murder. So the ex-Columbia stroke oar put his hand over his nose to keep out the alkali and swung well out to get a nearer view, but the two sombreros upon the box were close together and a long brown bottle was cheerfully passing between them, so he came back with a laugh. He was a genial soul, was the man who had pulled in a great victory on the Hudson, which I had seen from the top of a box-car, and had it not been for a perfect tongue for every coon-song, college yodel, and comic-opera jubilee I do not know what we would have done to relieve the monotony of that all-day jolt across a brown, sage-covered, burned-up stretch of desolation. There were four relays—at three or four pine cabins with an attempted well with each—and here were the only signs of life among the lavender-colored hills streaked with yellow, red, and brown, and jutting into the clear blue of a cloudless sky with the same eye cut of cardboard wings in a toy theatre. Hardly a hundred yards of brown alkali was without an empty bottle; beer predominating, with Shasta water next, while a brilliant aspirant for the attorney-generalship of the State had carefully wired his card to



MR. AND MRS. JIM BUTLER ON A PILE OF ORE WORTH \$500,000.

from Tonopah, "and will talk business with you. And you"—turning to me—"better run up and see the camp. They'll use you well, will the boys. If J. Pierpont Morgan

out an empty bottle; beer predominating, with Shasta water next, while a brilliant aspirant for the attorney-generalship of the State had carefully wired his card to



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TONOPAH, THE MINING-CAMP IN A NEVADA DESERT.

the corks of two Schlitz Milwaukees and placed them upright at the entrance of a volcanic gorge through which the stage groaned in its agony. That man deserved to be elected.

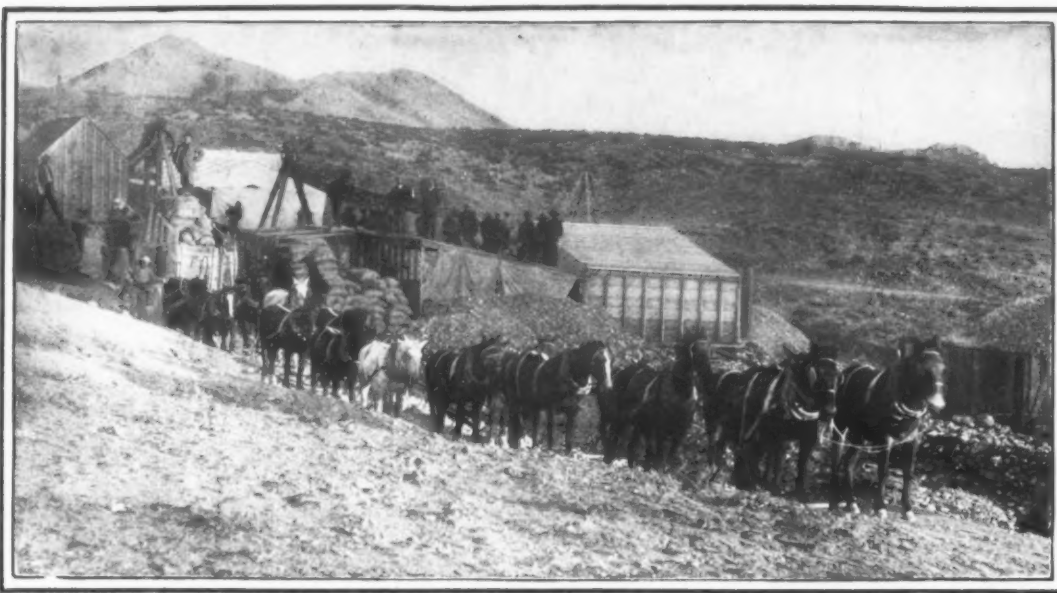
The old lady of seventy years with a red to her cheeks and a blaze to the eye which stumped the Western breeding, got off at Crow Springs—three cabins and a bar. "I reckon there's no Eastern woman 'll travel as I have," she said as the driver beat her skirts with the end of his whip in order to clear the first layer of alkali. "I come in to see my son who's teamin' here, and I come all the way from Bodie. I used to travel all right when I was thirty, but when you be a grandmother you do get shook up some. Thank the boys fer me, fer their kindness," she said as I went in to a meal of apple-pie and ham. We had given her some cake and water with considerable sympathy as the rolling stage slammed her small and resolute body back and forth over the front seat. This is the sort that gives us a race of pioneers.

Great, creaking wagons, two and three joined together, filled with timber and provisions, and pulled by sixteen and sometimes twenty sorry-looking cayuses, often obstructed our passage before we reached the twinkling lights we could see blinking at us far away in the cobalt. And when we pulled up before the Miners' Union with the chill of evening cutting to the marrow, four yellow men, each smothered in a layer of fine pulverized dirt, walked up to the proprietor of the Palace, and asked piteously for a broom. But he was prepared, was the suave gentleman in the smoking-jacket, and, in a moment, a feather duster had cleared my face, a broom my back, and a smaller, stiffer brush had scraped the lathering pall from my waistcoat. And thus we went inside to oysters—fried bivalves five hundred miles from nowhere, in the centre of a blistered, famished desert—and then to bed, five in the same room.

And when I crawled out into the dazzling brilliancy of a Nevada day what did I see? I saw a new mining camp. I saw Virginia City in her youngest days, before twenty thousand eager, cautionless, gambling souls walked her streets; I saw Pioche, Humboldt, Esmeralda, Cripple Creek, all in their first throes of infancy; and, as I looked upon the pine cabins, the mining shafts fifty feet from the street, the great desolate mountains on either side, the blinding, aching desert stretching off into bleaching space, I spoke aloud in the fullness of my soul, "My God, my God, to what ends of the earth will man go to gain a little gold?"

What is Tonopah? How did this single street—this mushroom growth of cabins, these bars, these dives, these gambling dens, these hotels, these people—happen in this wilderness? Here, but two short years ago, was a desolate waste swept by the dust-filled winds and chilled by the dry cold of the winter. Now is a town of animation, hope, anticipation, and prosperity. This desert gulch teems with life—that life of greedy striving after a wealth for which mankind barter honor. And it was an accident which brought this all about—an accident as unconscious, as uncommon, and as prosaic as are most accidents which mark great epochs.

Jim Butler, a prospector of varying fortune and a man who had knocked about the numberless mining camps of the Sierras, was making a sauntering journey to Klon-dyke, a new mining camp in Nye County, which was just beginning to attract some attention. This was early in 1900. One night, it is said, he lost his burros, and, when looking for them next morning, ran across a ledge of rock which his eye warned him to chip. But rumor has it that he was too lazy to get from his mule and hammer off a piece. His wife, who always was with him on such ventures, did it for the indifferent husband, and when they reached the new camp they gave it to a man to assay. He promptly tossed it aside and forgot it. But there had been saved another junk of out-crop and this Butler took with him to Belmont and handed it to a young Eastern college graduate who was there for his health. He, in turn, passed it to another man, and when the assay was made it gave the startling return of 1,600 ounces of silver and a trace of gold. Then Butler went back, located the mines, took up the best claims, and sat down to await developments. It did not take long for the news to get abroad. Soon men began to come in from every side. Some walked—sixty miles from the railroad in the bleak chill of February. Some came in intent upon making a fortune; eager to locate claims, to make a strike. And they did it. Butler leased some claims upon the Mizpah vein. Here those that were lucky enough and eager enough to make the gamble, worked with the vim of demons. Their leases were to expire on January 1st, 1901, and they were in the shafts themselves, encouraging their men, working with the delirious fever of souls maddened with a great fortune staring them in the eyes. And when they stopped they all were rich. My man of the V. and T. was one of them. It is estimated that this is the amount which each "lucky dog" had in his gross output:



CARTING PRECIOUS ORE TAKEN FROM A LEADING VEIN.

Lynch, Sullivan & O'Meara	\$700,000
Brongher	600,000
Cutting	600,000
Golden St. Clair, lease	600,000
Nevada City Boys	300,000
Zeb Kendal	200,000
Stants, Coslett, etc	200,000
Other leases on Mizpah	200,000
Total	\$3,400,000

And all this was within a year, and not one of the men who started in had a cent which he could call his own. Do you wonder that the West is optimistic? Do you wonder that the poorest laborers in the streets sometimes hope to own a coach and six? Such things go on every day. They are not exceptional occurrences.

But my friend, the millionaire, had grievous experiences in no man's land. First there was no water. Barrels were carted in five miles and cost \$1.50 apiece. Beer was much cheaper and easier to get. There was a terrific epidemic of flies. There was pneumonia, dysentery. Men went to bed in their fluttering tents after a day in the broil of keen, exciting work, and woke to find their blood turning black and their eyes sunken. They died off by the score. Just as you enter the outskirts is a full graveyard: tiny wooden stakes in rows and rows, solemnly marking the last stand of the man of imagination—the Western pioneer.

But this work went on. The mines turned out to be fabulously rich. A Philadelphia syndicate stepped into the breach and bought for many millions, making Jim Butler—the poor, unknown rancher and prospector—able to buy a chateau in France and live like a Bourbon aristocrat.



ONE SECTION OF A MINE WHICH YIELDED \$400,000.

erat. And now the town has settled to a steady gait. Puff! puff! puff! from the steam hoists, day in, day out, sounding in the stillness of the starry night and loud above the broiling mirth in the pine-plank row of gambling rooms, where the faro table spins without a break and the great piles of gold and silver coin rattle, rattle on the boards in unceasing jingle.

And the characters here—they are as many and varying as you find in any land. There is the miner, bred in the entrails of the earth, breathing, not the clean atmosphere of the plateau, but the pulverized quartz and splintered porphyry, making three and four dollars a day and sitting up at the night shift over the faro board and stud poker deck with his friend the gambler. He—John Oakhurst—is here

in force, and he looks a bit the worse for wear. Mining camps like this one have been few and far between. He is now reaping a harvest and he is a good fellow. Genial, companionable, witty, the world owes him a living and he must have it. The means are pleasing and he fattens in the enjoyment of the game.

Then there is the judge from Nome—severe, ambitious, pompous. He has struck it rich at last. His battle for fortune is about over. He had some luck in Alaskan fields, but this is better. He lolls back in his swinging chair in the midst of well-stacked, new-bound volumes of the law—here on the bleached, parched alkali; he looks admiringly at the pictures by Schreyvogel on the wall, of a frontier fight and a burning stockade; he pulls cheerfully at his cigar and says: "I have had enough of the fight. I am going to stop and take unto myself a wife."

Again there is the mining superintendent—clean-complexioned, blue-eyed, happy. He is from New Jersey, drifted to the table-land for his health and to represent an Eastern capitalist. Mining, prospecting, riding broncos, pleading cases in court—all of this he has done in the light-heartedness of youthful enthusiasm, and when the mines were struck he was one of the first to come in. He now is living in a great house on the hill, and here he works and smokes, and is happy in the long gray chambers of the mines where the pick and blast add hourly to his proceeds from stock in a mine, which he got—gratis. "I went back East last year," he said. "What pale, lifeless beggars are my friends on 'change in New York—bah!" and I was sympathetic.

Then there is the poet newspaper man; clad in the long gray ulster of civilization and with a yellow chequered golf cap of excellent design. One small frame hut upon a ledge is his office, and here the churning press turns out belchings from the mines—rumors, expectations, strikes—and also poems from his pen. "You were talking about Walt Whitman," he said. "He is truly the great exponent of the American spirit. My foreman just received word that a gold mine of his in Alaska has netted him \$500,000. I am now doing all the type-setting myself." We were in a howling, chaffing mob of miners. The chips were rattling on the table, the air was heavy with the fumes of tobacco and the evil scent of alcohol, and we talked of literature and the intellectual life. Truly in living there are strange contrasts.

And there is the miner's woman. Yea, she is a woman. Big, strong, pink-cheeked, reckless. Born to the excitement, the whirl of the dance-hall, the glitter of gold, shimmer of silver, her soul is as the clean, glittering summit of Mt. Oddie, which hangs, stark and awesome, over this city of cheerful vice. If she is young, she is fiercely loving, coarse, reckless. If she is old, her hair is bleached like the gold that keeps her in calico gowns and pounds of coffee. She is essential to the place. She is its calming, restraining influence, and it is a fierce constraint among passions and greed which stand forth raw and untutored.

Still there is the bar-tender from Thunder Mountain. Young, fresh, optimistic, genial, with a hand in a dozen claims, with a story of every land, with a sparkle of keen mirth in his eye that tells of roaring rivers forded to gain the diggin's, of lone camping in the forest gloom, of battles with the insect breed of the Idaho foothills, and a thousand perils in the country where the spirit of man thrills with the desolation and distress of a retching, vast, unpopulated wilderness.

And one more—the man from the Yukon. He had brought his Esquimaux dog and was at the station. His eyes were penetrating, his jaw strong, his nose stubbed. A coarser representative than Kitchener, but with the same determination in the square skull and the same long drooping mustaches. "I was on claim thirty-six," he growled, "worked it, toiled at it, sweated at it, stayed by it, and I made it. Yes; I struck what others looked for and did not find. Now, I'm off for South Africa to hunt big game. I want to see the hartbeest, the nilgau, the springbok, the oryx, on the vast, rolling desert, and I want to have some manly sport. He turned to me. "Look at my eyes," he said. I looked. They were cut at the corners; tiny, wrinkling scars. "These were when

Continued on page 40.

A Modern John Alden

By Mrs. William Forster Brown

"STUB" VAN ALAN'S rotund visage loomed dimly through a cloud of tobacco smoke, for all the world like the sun lost in a fog. This was not an unusual phenomenon, certainly, but the fact that my generally irrepressible friend had been in my room ten minutes and had neither smiled nor attempted any of the atrocious puns for which he was justly in-famous, was a hitherto unknown state of things.

"What's the matter with you, old man?" I queried. The cloud of smoke became denser, threatening total eclipse. "Nothing," came forth presently from the blueness, "at least nothing you would care to hear about."

"I like that," I replied, a little touched at his manner. "Since when have I been in the habit of 'passing by on the other side,' like what's-his-name in the parable, and you in trouble?"

"Can't say you ever did," said Stub, removing his pipe, "but it isn't—er—ordinary trouble; I suppose I may as well tell you, though—I'm in love."

"In love?" I echoed, beginning to laugh. "Is that all? I imagined from your looks that you were about to be hanged. Was there ever a time you were not in love—with some one? Who is it this time?"

"You needn't laugh," said Mr. Van Alan, indignantly. "This isn't a joke; I'm in dead earnest."

"Who is it?" I demanded, seriously.

"Helen Lorrington," said Stub, darting a queer glance at me. If he had suddenly hurled a chair at my head it would have dumfounded me less. I became interested all at once in looking out of the window. I wasn't anxious for Stub to see my face.

It was no joke, as he had said—to me, at all events. I had been in love with Miss Lorrington for two years, madly, hopelessly; fluttering about her beautiful, stately presence, as the proverbial moth about the candle flame and with about the same result. I have never been accused, even by my enemies, of lacking nerve; but somehow, under the spell of Miss Lorrington's gray eyes, I could never screw up my courage to the sticking point and put my fate to the touch. I had fancied at times that Helen was not altogether indifferent. There had been a memorable day on the links that she—however, at other times I was miserably certain that I had no chance.

"Of course"—Stub was speaking—"I know she's much too good for me; she's better, nobler than—"

"Have you said anything to her?" I managed to say. I knew how perfect the lady of my heart was, without Samuel Peyton Van Alan's telling me.

"No," he said, ruefully; "I—I can't. Whenever I'm

with her I feel like an overgrown boy and nearly make an idiot of myself; she has a way of looking into a fellow's soul, with those big eyes of hers, that makes him think of his sins." I made no comment; I understood perfectly.

"Look here, Ken," said Stub, as if suddenly struck with a bright idea. "You and Hel—Miss Lorrington—are great friends, aren't you? I remember hearing her say

girl like Helen Lorrington would think twice of a man who was lacking in courage?"

"I don't know," said Stub; "that's what you are going to find out."

"I'm not," said I.

"Don't be a chump," remarked my friend in contemptuous tones. "Promise you'll speak to her to-night, if you get a chance, at Mrs. Applebee's dance."

Stub and I had been friends since college. I would do more for him than for any man alive, and— Well, I arrived at Mrs. Applebee's that night with a heart like lead, bound to plead my friend's cause with the girl I loved myself.

"What did you wish to tell me, Mr. Sears?" Miss Lorrington asked, after I found her a seat under a tall palm in the deserted conservatory. I swallowed a lump that had suddenly risen in my throat, and began.

"And who is this fair lady that your friend loves so devotedly?" she inquired, when I had finished.

"You!" I said, turning away my eyes lest they betray my own secret.

"Me?" she said, incredulously. "Sammy Van Alan in love with me? Impossible!"

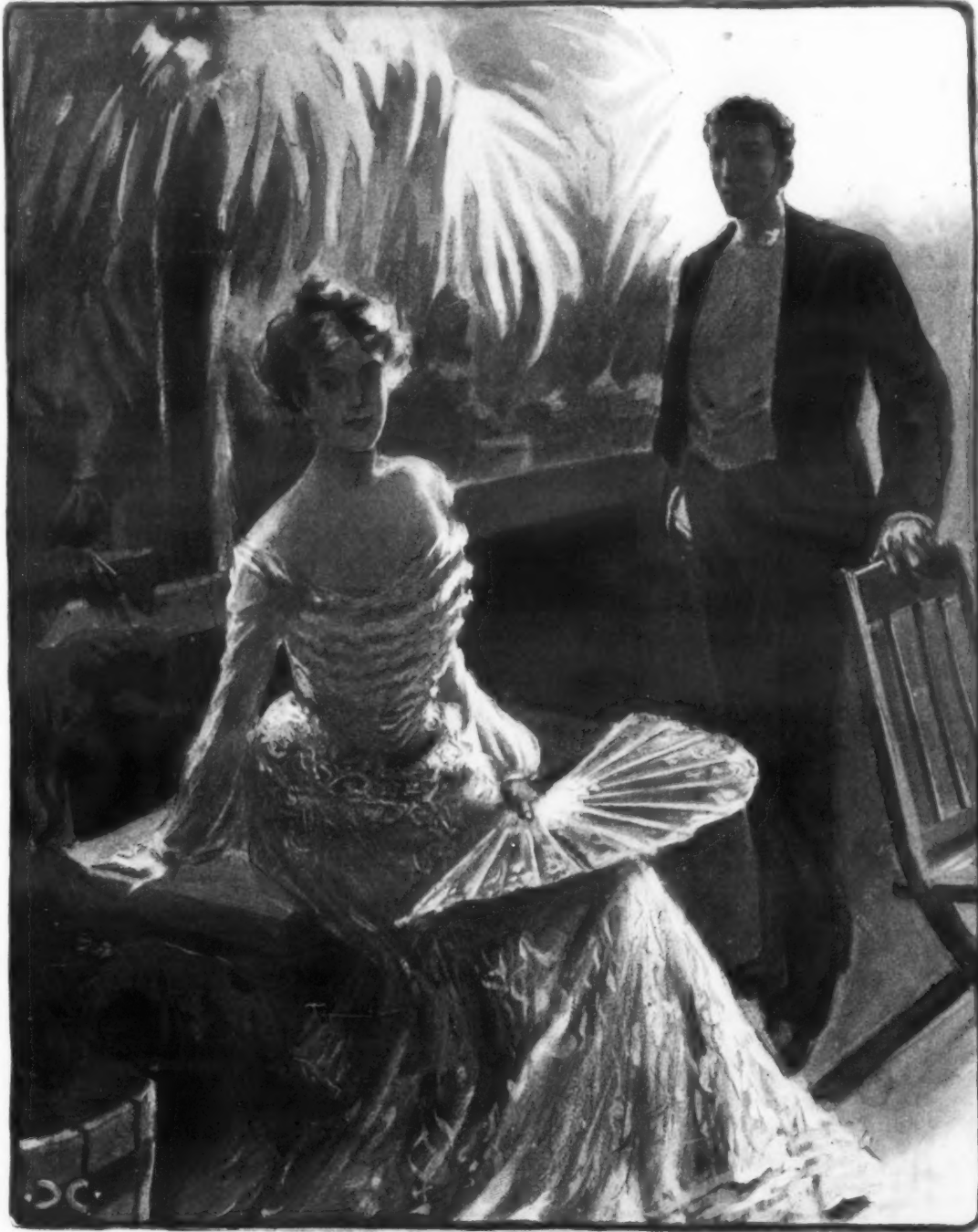
"Why impossible?" I cried, impulsively. "How can he do otherwise? How can any man? But you are so far above other women—so unapproachably adorable—that all a fellow can do is to worship—in silence." I had forgotten Samuel Peyton Van Alan.

Miss Lorrington made no reply. She was looking intently under a bench of potted geraniums, a little, far-away smile on her lips. I followed her gaze, and as I discovered its object, hot prickly waves began to chase up my spine to the roots of my hair. It was only an empty wooden box at which she was looking, but pasted on one end of it was a highly colored lithograph, advertising Priscilla nasturtium seeds—and the picture was of John Alden pleading the cause of Miles Standish. Something in the droop of Miss Lorrington's regal head gave me sudden courage. I bent down until my eyes met hers and in them I read, as plainly as love could say it, the immortal rebuke of Priscilla to her faint-hearted

lover: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

And Stub? Well, I may as well confess it. I had been made the victim of a diabolical ruse. Mr. Van Alan had discovered the state of my feelings—got the idea from a chance remark of Helen's that it was only my cowardice that stood in the way of making me the happiest man alive, and forthwith essayed the rôle of match-maker.

He was my best man six months later.



"MISS LORRINGTON MADE NO REPLY."

once that Kenneth Sears was one of the nicest men she knew. Why can't you—er—er—sort of say a word for me? Tell her how it is with me, and that I am not really such a blockhead as I appear in her society. Tell her I—I love her—just as if it was yourself, you know; may be if she thought I cared for her she might—"

"Do you take me for a matrimonial agent?" I asked, sternly. "Do your own proposing. Do you suppose a

Ye Olde Dogge in ye New Kennel.



AN OLDE dogge who all hys life hadde lived in a small but cozy goods box lined with straw & an olde blanket becayne suddenly rich.

For it happened that a new butcher shoppe had been established a short distance away & ye olde dogge was possessed of many bones.

Wherefore, he sedde within hymself:

"Lo! for twenty yeares I have lived in this dinky joint, which is just large enough to allow me to turn around three times when I lie down to sleep. But now I am rich; therefore I will arise & seek more commodious quarters."

So he went forth into ye world and secured a large barn, where he settled, and with a satisfied bow-wow said:

"Now am I respectable; for what is respectable for poore folks is a howling disgrace to a swell nob!" & he was established.

But ye olde dogge was neither comfortable nor happie.

There were drafts in ye large barn & ye size of ye place made it impossible to be cozy. Likewise ye house seemed lonesome & spooky & full of cats.

Atte last, after he hadde contracted insomnia & rheumatism & nerves, ye olde dogge showed himself possessed of more wisdom than mooste snobbes, for he sedde:

"Beholde! grandeur & wealth be greate thynges; but far greater than they is solid comfort! also peaceful sleepe & a contented heart are just what ye doctor ordered for ye olde dogge!" So he tooke hys bones & went back to hys warm bedde in ye homely goods box.

Which is something few menne would have hadde ye sense to do.

& thys, dear children, is ye lesson we gather from ye storie of ye Olde Dogge:

(1) Itte is far better to be comfortable than tony.

(2) Thou mayest move into a grande house & weare fine linen; but though thy surroundings be different thou thyself remainest ye same olde dogge.

(3) Thou hast been poore but honest, lo! these many yeares; therefore do thou bear it yette a few days longer.

(4) And verily: Better go to heaven as a common man than try to sneak inne disguised as a howling swelle.

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

A Good Word for Trusts.

THERE WAS directness and simplicity as well as refreshing common sense in the observations on trusts made the other day by Sir Albert K. Rollit, M. P., chairman of the delegation from the London Chamber of Commerce now in this country: "The trust system," said Sir Albert, "carried to excess by artificially raising prices and seeking gain at the expense of life is objectionable and detrimental to the best interests of a country. So far as trusts reduce the cost of production and establish charges they do good. Trusts are a phase in the evolution of industry. They have their good and bad points. The value of trusts depends upon administration, and the methods of the tobacco trusts are not calculated to improve opinion in England." How much more sensible and rational are these views than the sweeping abuse and indiscriminate assaults made upon all combinations of capital by populist demagogues and their imitators and followers in other parties.

GET strength of bone and muscle, purify the system with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Druggists.

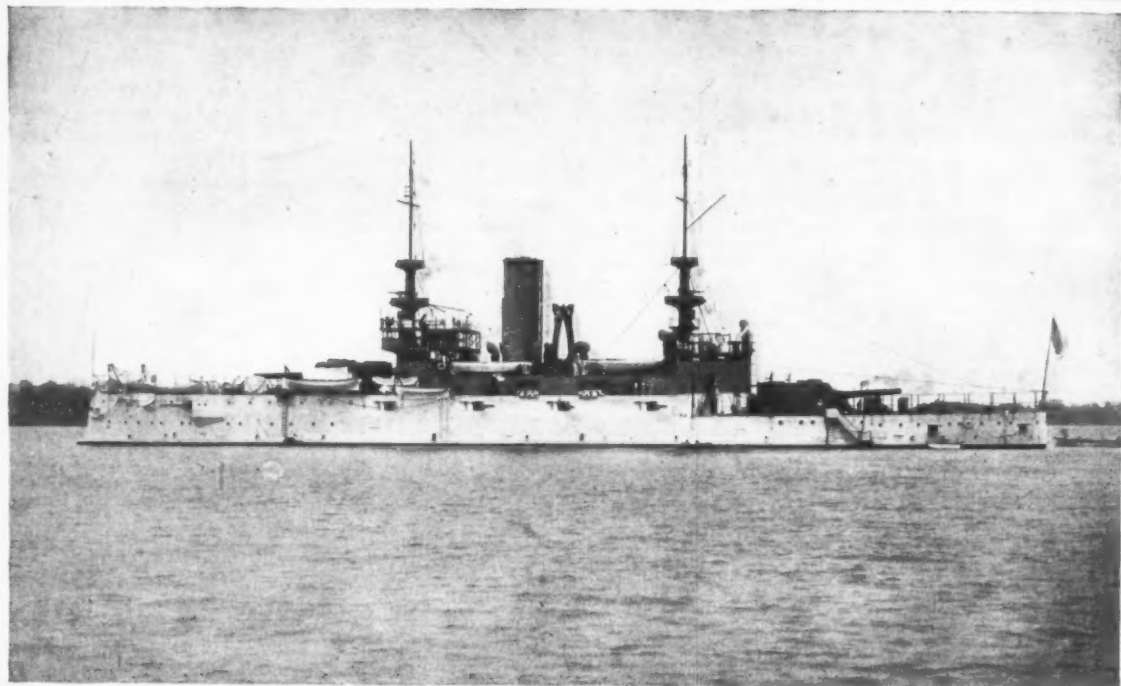
How a Big Battle-ship

By T. O. Dorr

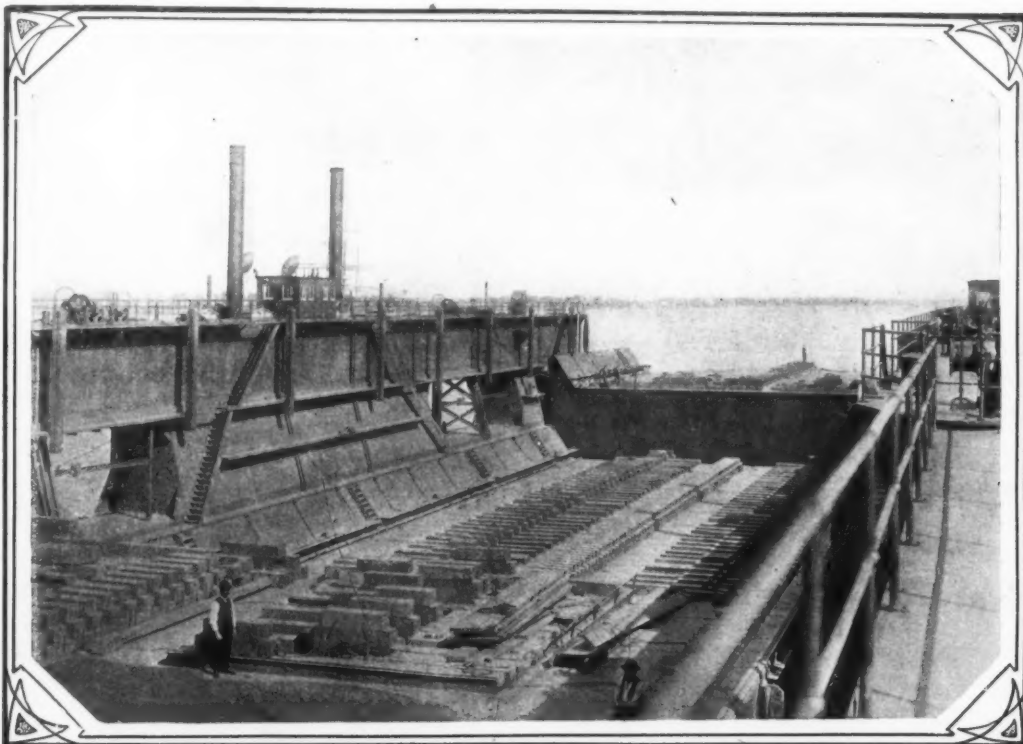
ONE OF the things essential to the efficiency of a great naval vessel—as, indeed, of all sea-going craft—is the keeping in good condition of that part of the exterior which is under water. When a cruiser or battle-ship has been sailing about for several months her bottom becomes incrustated with barnacles and other fouling accretions. While the visible portions of the ship may be spick and span to the extreme degree customary in the navy, her keel may be clogged with the refuse of the sea. This has an appreciable effect in diminishing her speed. The matter which has gathered on her keel and lower sides impedes her freedom of motion. Only with a clean underbody can the vessel glide smoothly and with her utmost swiftness through the water. Often also there are repairs to be made below the water-line, including the putting on of a new coat of paint, which protects the metal sheathing from the corroding action of the brine. For all these reasons it is often necessary to place the vessel in a dry-dock, where she can be removed entirely from the water and where the keel can be thoroughly cleaned and renovated.

Of dry-docks there are two distinct kinds, the stationary and the floating, the general principle involved being the same in both, although the processes of applying it differ somewhat. Both sorts are in use by our navy. The Brooklyn navy yard, for instance, has three stationary docks, while there are floating docks at Philadelphia and New Orleans. Two of the Brooklyn docks are made of stone and are about three hundred and fifty and four hundred and fifty feet long, and thirty and thirty-two feet deep, respectively. The third is of timber and is six hundred and twenty feet in length, with a depth of thirty-two feet. These docks are great excavations in the bank of the East River, lined with stone or timber and roughly adapted to the shape of the ship. The two sides and the inner end of each are built so as to form from top to bottom a series of long steps down which workmen may easily make their way. The end near the river has adjusted in it a caisson of steel and resembling a short, stubby vessel, which tightly closes the entrance and acts as a barrier against the inflow of the East River. Long rows of "keel and bilge blocks," stout bits of timber, are arranged in proper order on the bed of the dock. These are designed to sustain a vessel at a slight elevation, which allows free access to all sections of the keel. The adjustment of the blocks is a matter of nice and careful special calculation in each case. The object is to have the docked vessel lie on a perfectly even keel. Any error in placing the timbers would cause an inequality of strain which might prove damaging to the ship. There have been instances where improper or defective blocking has resulted in the crushing of steel plates and even more

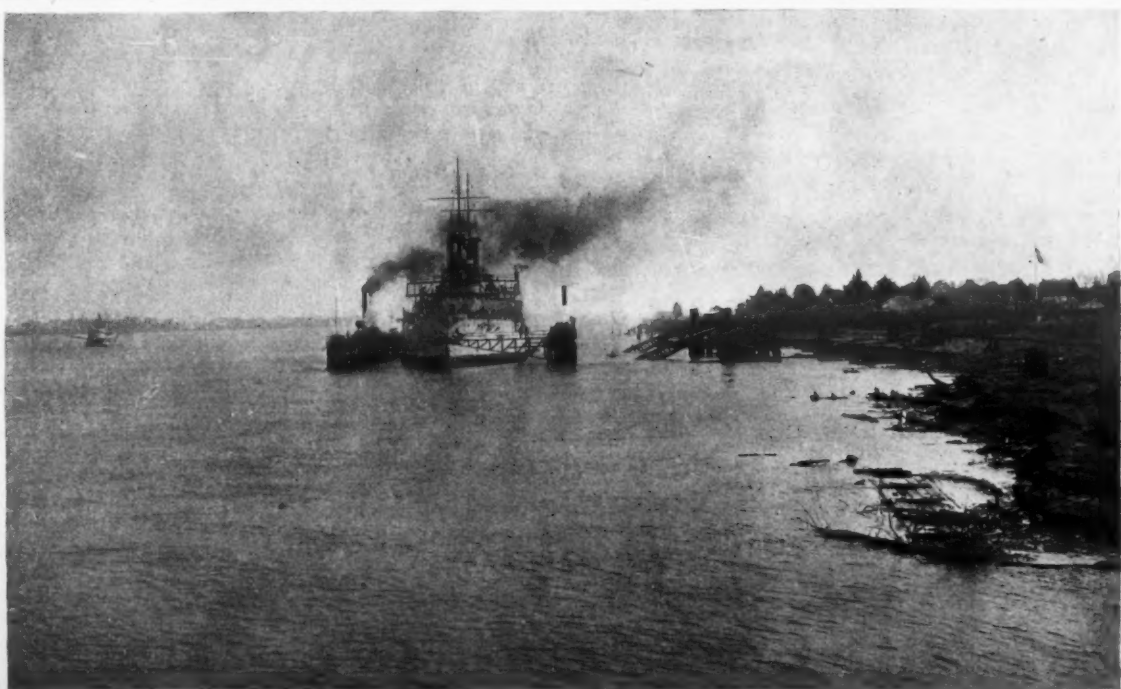
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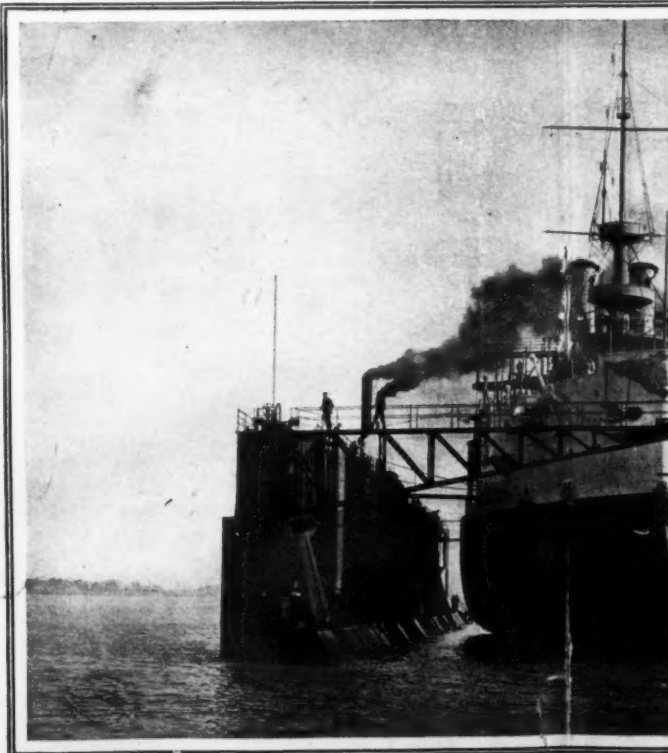
BATTLE-SHIP "ILLINOIS" READY FOR THE DRY-DOCK.



GREAT FLOATING DRY-DOCK AT NEW ORLEANS, WITH TWO END PONTONS RAISED.



"ILLINOIS" JUST ENTERED INTO THE SUNKEN DOCK.



BATTLE-SHIP IN DRY-DOCK NEARLY RAISED ABOVE THE S

DRY-DOCKING A BATTLE-SHIP—THE "HOW MASSIVE VESSELS-OF-WAR ARE REMOVED FROM THE WATER FOR

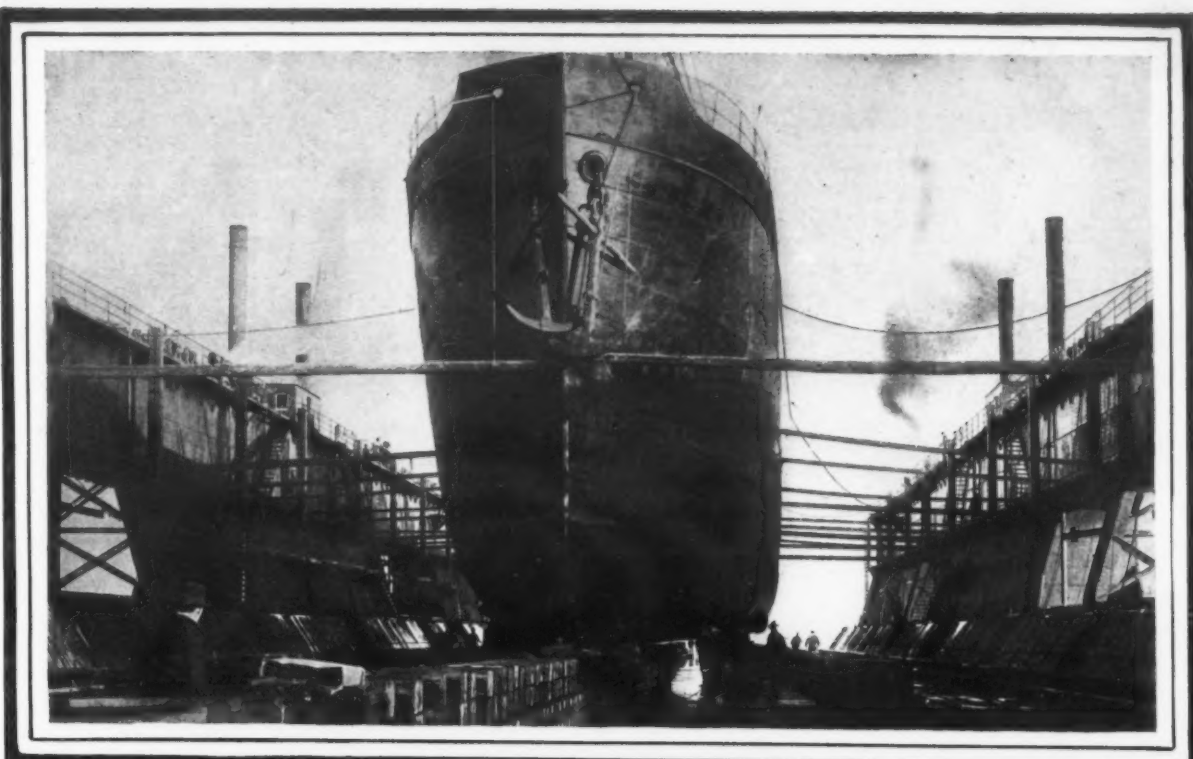
Ship Is Dry-docked

T. O. Dorr

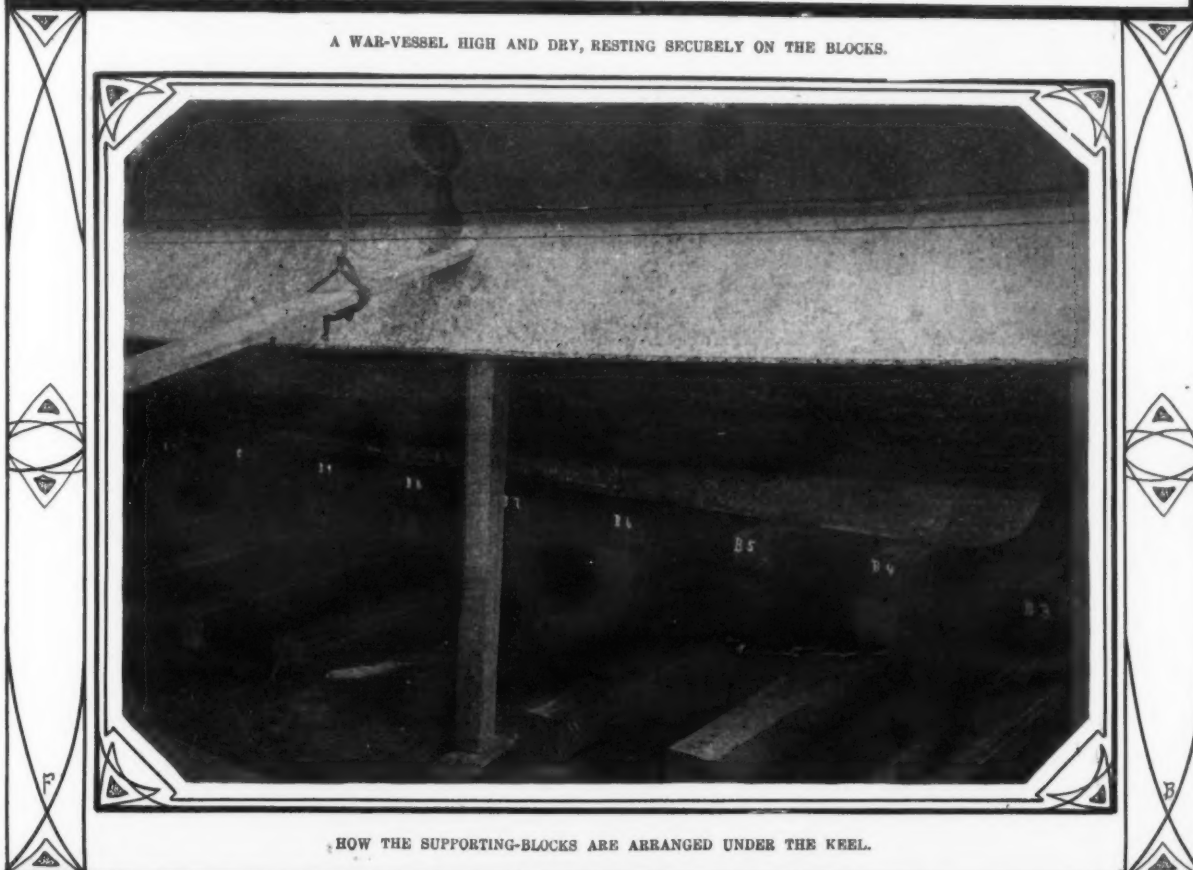
great disastrous injury. A vessel like the new *Maine*, which was lately in one of the Brooklyn docks, and which weighs 12,000 tons, has to be blocked and shored to prevent her being broken by her own weight.

When the dock is to be utilized water is let into it through the caisson, which is itself some two-thirds full of the liquid and which is supplied with valves that admit the water at one side and expel it at the other. After the dock has been filled the caisson valves are closed, and the water in the caisson, which holds the latter down, is pumped out, causing the caisson to rise. When it has reached the proper level it is towed away and then the dock is open for the admission of a battle-ship. The big vessel is cautiously towed from the outside into the dock by a bowline attached to a winch, the hull being steadied by side ropes. When the vessel is safely inside, the caisson is returned to its place and its tank is quickly filled with water. The caisson sinks and once more closes the opening, leaving the contents of the dock unaffected by the tide and the wash of passing craft. Then, the war-ship being fixed in exactly the right position to descend squarely on the blocks below, the dock is emptied by means of steam or electrical pumps. This takes but a few hours, a surprisingly short time, considering the huge volume of fluid to be sucked out. The ship gradually drops to the level of the blocks and if the latter have been correctly stationed, she rests comfortably and securely upon them and is duly shored up at the sides to make her immovable while she is being cleaned and repaired. Once firmly settled, the battle-ship's hull is completely exposed and the workmen have abundant room all around to carry on the necessary operations. The keel is then thoroughly scraped, any defects are made good, and the painting follows. The length of the vessel's stay in the dock depends, of course, on the amount of work to be done. When it is completed the valves in the caisson are again opened and the dock is once more filled with water. The battle-ship ascends majestically to the sea level, the caisson is lightened and taken away, and the big vessel is floated off to her moorings. The caisson returns to its place, is re-sunk and the dock is pumped dry.

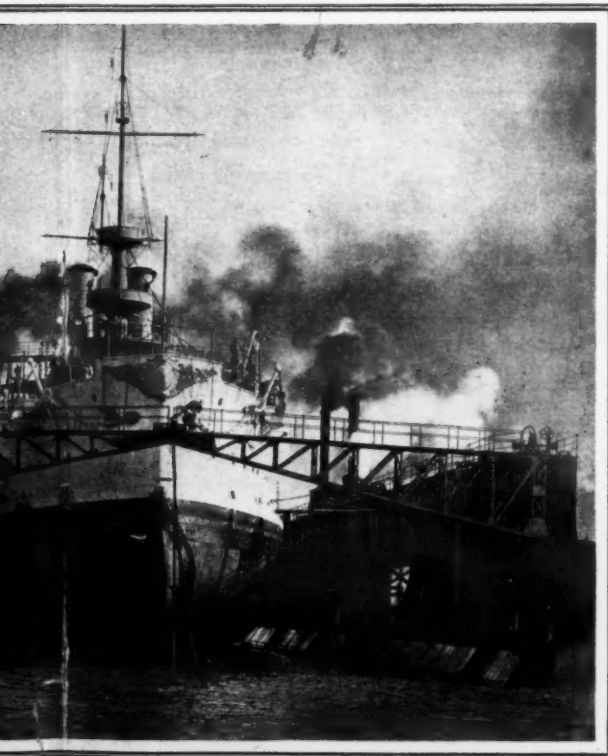
When the dock is a floating one, the *modus operandi* consists of sinking it by the filling of tanks in the side walls with water. When it reaches the proper depth the ship is drawn in and fastened, above the blocks as in the stairway structure, the tanks are pumped out, and the stationary dock rises by its own buoyancy and lifting power above the water, the ship then standing high in the upper air instead of being in a deep excavation. Special precautions are taken to so anchor the dock as to make it steady. When the work on the keel is finished the dock is sunk until the ship is able to float out of it.



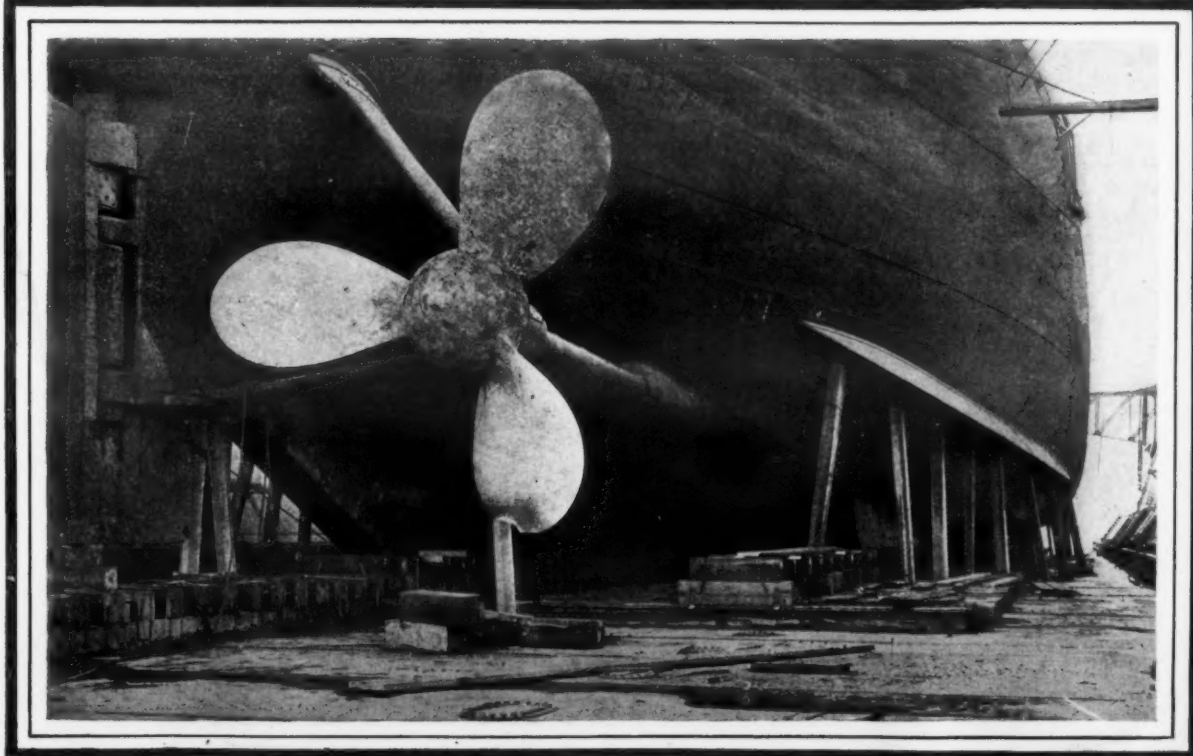
A WAR-VESSEL HIGH AND DRY, RESTING SECURELY ON THE BLOCKS.



HOW THE SUPPORTING-BLOCKS ARE ARRANGED UNDER THE KEEL.



RAISED ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.



ARRANGEMENT OF THE "SHORES" AS VIEWED FROM THE STERN.

THE "ILLINOIS" OUT OF WATER.

WATER FOR CLEANING AND REPAIRS.—Photographs by John N. Teunisson.



HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER,
Author of "Roger Drake; Captain of
Industry."—Fowler.

of that sort of thing in the newspapers and the speeches of campaign orators, and so would lose the reading of really a capital story. I shall say truly, therefore, that the story relates to that subject just enough to give it an atmosphere of fresh and timely interest, but not enough to detract from its merits considered alone as a piece of fiction. The scenery of the book is laid chiefly in a Western mining town, where the leading figure, Mr. Roger Drake, passes through many interesting and some remarkable experiences in his struggles for fortune and also for the love of a girl, in the pursuit of both of which he is brought into sharp rivalry with a former partner in business. In the course of affairs the scene shifts to New York, where we are treated to a phase of the social life of the metropolis that will be really novel to many. The matter of trusts comes in in the formation of a copper-mining combination, and on this the story has its basis. Mr. Webster will be pleasantly remembered by many as the joint author with Mr. Merwin in "Calumet K," a novel based, like the present one, on the romantic side of a great financial enterprise. It is the general impression that there is no romantic element in business, but those who will favor themselves with the reading of Mr. Webster's story will find out how greatly they have been mistaken on that point.

IT IS safe to say that no living English ecclesiastic is so widely known and so much admired throughout the English-speaking world to-day as Frederick W. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury, who has recently celebrated his seventy-first birthday. Dean Farrar is a man of remarkable versatility, and his fame rests not more upon his pulpit oratory than upon his gifts as a writer, a lecturer, and as the fearless and brilliant leader of certain reform movements, both within the church and without. No man has ever had a greater passion for reading, and his memory is marvelous. In an address which he delivered some years ago, it is recorded that he named or quoted over sixty authorities, about one a minute. Dean Farrar's sermons and speeches are indeed a mosaic of other men's thoughts and sentences. He was once referred to by a divine who belongs to a different school as an encyclopædia of unfamiliar quotations. He has written several novels, none of them especially remarkable, and none of which has created a sensation in the world comparable with that caused by the book "Eternal Hope," which appeared when he was canon of Westminster, a work in which he gave bold and clear utterance to his belief that there is a "second chance" for every mortal soul beyond this earthly sphere.

"That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

THIS WORK cost its fearless author the friendship of great numbers of the orthodox throughout the civilized world, and had it not been for the extreme breadth of view allowed to the clergy of the Anglican church would doubtless have cost him also his high position among the dignitaries of that communion. Writing in later years of that book and of the storm of abuse which it brought down upon him, and the pain he felt because of the severance it caused from many well-beloved friends, the dean tells also of the comfort he found in the many precious letters he received from sorrowing mothers and other troubled souls who testified to the unspeakable relief they had derived from his words. He himself has never, he tells us lately, had occasion to regret the utterances of "Eternal Hope," but rejoices in the fact that many who once opposed the views expressed there as heretical and pernicious are now openly espousing the same doctrine. Dean Farrar has visited America several times, the last visit being about fifteen years ago, when he gave a series of lectures here on Browning and other English poets. It was my privilege to hear him then, and I can never forget the impression which his winning personality and rare gifts as a public speaker made upon me.

I COUNT it as one of the rare privileges of my life that years ago I was brought for a considerable period into intimate association with Jerry McAuley, the converted vagrant and river thief, and thus learned from personal observation and experience something of the rare worth of this "diamond in the rough" and of the noble and lasting service he rendered to his sinning and suffering fellow-men in the little mission down on Water Street, under the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, and later in the larger field up town. I remember that when Jerry

died the old Broadway Tabernacle was not large enough to hold the throng of weeping men and women, rich and poor, of high and low degree, who came to look upon the face of the ex-convict for the last time and to hear the touching and eloquent tributes that were paid to his memory by some of the most noted men of that day. It has also been my privilege to know of the life and work of Mr. McAuley's successor at the Water Street Mission, Mr. Samuel H. Hadley, and I can therefore bear personal testimony to the value and exceeding interest of the book "Down on Water Street," written by Mr. Hadley and published by the Revell Company. It is virtually a sequel to the life of Jerry McAuley. Mr. Hadley passed through the same fire. Although a descendant of such fine stock as Jonathan Edwards, he fell to the degree that for fifteen years he "rarely went to bed sober," became a "professional gambler," a thief, and a forger. But he was rescued by McAuley and has been carrying on the mission since the latter's death. One may search fiction in vain for characters as unique as "Old Uncle Reub," "Pop Lloyd," "Bowery Ike," and "Billy Kelly," and I know of a truth that they are faithful to life. The volume might well be called a book of modern miracles, for surely nothing more miraculous has occurred in human history than such transformations of life and character as are chronicled here, including Jerry McAuley and Mr. Hadley himself.

MR. JAMES B. CONNOLLY is author of a volume of sea tales published by the Scribners under the title of "Out of Gloucester." Mr. Connolly really knows the sea and the men that sail it, and his love for it is apparent on every page. He describes the Gloucester fisherman as he is to-day—not as he exists in books of a past era. Mr. Connolly is himself the son of a skipper, and can do the work of a full hand on a fishing schooner.

JEREMIAH CURTIN is something of a globe-trotter. Having had the satisfaction of seeing his translation of "The Pharaoh and the Priest"—from the Polish of Alexander Glovatski (Little, Brown & Co.)—obtain a good hold of the intelligent reading public, Mr. Curtin is again "on the wing," his latest temporary address being Winnipeg, Manitoba. It was only about a year ago that this indefatigable traveler returned from a journey around the world, via Russia, Siberia, Amoor River, China, and Japan. He spent three months among the Buriats, the only tribe of Mongols, with its great horse sacrifice and splendid creation myths, and he is now at work on a book of Mongol religion and history, and also a book giving an account of his travels. It was late in the summer when he completed his final work on his latest Polish discovery, Alexander Glovatski, for Mr. Curtin is one who makes innumerable changes on his proofs in order that his translation may be entirely satisfactory, to himself at least. His fame, of course, was won chiefly as the authorized translator of the works of Henryk Sienkiewicz, of which "Quo Vadis" alone sold to the extent of one million copies. Mr. Curtin has done creative work, such as his books on myths and folk tales of Ireland, of Russia, and of the western Slavs and Magyars. He has no difficulty in making himself understood when visiting strange people, inasmuch as he is a famous linguist, knowing, it is said, over sixty languages. Mr. Curtin is nominally a resident of Bristol, Vt., although seldom at home.



THE DISTINGUISHED POLISH NOVELIST, HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ,
AND HIS TRANSLATOR, JEREMIAH CURTIN.



JAMES M. BARRIE,
The Scotch novelist, whose "Little White
Bird" is the latest success in fiction.

IT IS doubtful whether James M. Barrie's latest story, "The Little White Bird" (Scribners), will lend itself as readily to dramatization as did the same author's "Little Minister" and "The Professor's Love Story," but it is none the less charming on this account and must add substantially and deservedly to Mr. Barrie's fame. As a playwright Mr. Barrie has been remarkably successful, and the amusement-seeking public is indebted to him for two of the sweetest and most wholesome plays on the boards in recent years. It is to be borne in mind, however, that in arranging "The Little Minister" for stage representation Mr. Barrie made some radical departures in plot and incident from the story as it runs in the book, alterations which heightened public interest in the play rather than otherwise, and perhaps, he may yet do something of that kind with "The Little White Bird." "The Professor's Love Story" is really a finer play than "The Little Minister," more subtle in its analysis of human nature, and a more imaginative work. As presented by Mr. E. S. Willard it gives a pleasure that contains no mixture of alloy. And as for the *Babbie* of Miss Maude Adams, who can think of it without a feeling of satisfaction and delight?

ALL WHO are burning up with curiosity to know how the camel came by his hump, the elephant by his trunk, and the leopard by his spots—and I take it for granted that most people are thus aflame—they can find out all about these things, and a great many others worth knowing besides, by reading Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Just-So Stories" recently published by Doubleday, Page & Co. These remarks are not copyrighted, but Mr. Kipling's verses are, individually and collectively, as all will please observe who read the following explanation as to the leopard:

"I am the Most Wise Bavian, saying in most wise tones,
Let us melt into landscape—just us two by our lones.
People have come—in a carriage—calling. But Mummy is there...
Yes, I can go if you take me—Nurse says she doesn't care.
Let's go up to the pig-sties and sit on the farm-yard rails;
Let's say things to the bunnies, and watch them skitter their tails.
Let's oh, anything, Daddy, so long as it's you and me,
And going truly exploring, and not being in till tea.
Here's your boots (I've brought 'em), and here's your cap and stick,
And here's your pipe and tobacco. Oh, come along out of it—quick.
(Copyrighted, 1902, by Rudyard Kipling.)

APROPOS OF the dissension aroused over the alleged presumption of a number of persons in London in getting themselves together in a "Boz" society, it is interesting to remember that nothing irritated Dickens more when he was in the flesh than the attempts of others to make capital out of his name and fame. So much of this had been done that when "Nicholas Nickleby" was announced he tried to forestall these enemies by issuing the following proclamation:

"THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE

"Firstly

"TO PIRATES.

"That we have at length devised a mode of execution for them so summary and terrible that if any gang or gangs thereof presume to hoist but one thread of the colors of the good ship Nickleby we will hang them on gibbets so lofty and enduring that their remains will be a monument of our just vengeance to all succeeding ages; and it shall not lie in any power of any Lord High Admiral on earth to cause them to be taken down again. &c."

Small Money.

WHAT A QUARTER DID.

THE person who uses the brain and nerves actively needs food to rebuild them and replace the waste, and should not rest on stimulants. Coffee excites these organs so they cannot get the necessary rest and nourishment and steadily tears them down, then other disorders follow.

"I am under a constant nervous strain, as I have fifty-two girls under my care," writes a school teacher from Knoxville, Tenn.

"I suffered terribly with indigestion and nervousness in its worst form, and paid out hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. Many of my friends advised me to quit coffee and use your Postum Food Coffee, and I tasted it once and it was something horrible. Some time later I met a friend who wished me to try a cup of Postum and her manner was so convincing that I finally tasted the Postum to please her. Great was my astonishment to find it so different from what I had drunk before and I immediately asked how the difference in taste was brought about and discovered it was simply that the first I had was only boiled a minute or two, whereas fifteen minutes' boiling brings out the delicious flavor and food value, so I determined to use Postum in the future, following the directions carefully, and have done so ever since.

"My indigestion has entirely left me, my nervousness gone, and I now feel bright and well after the most tiresome day in the school-room. A little twenty-five-cent package of Postum did me more good than the hundreds of dollars I paid for doctors and medicines." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The Poetry of Words

By Gilbert Brown

PLATO TRIED to define man as a "featherless biped"; whereupon Diogenes plucked the feathers from a goose and threw it over the wall into Plato's school, with a label attached to it, bearing the legend, "Plato's man." This anecdote—or fable, whichever it is—very happily illustrates the difficulty of constructing a definition that will stand the tug of criticism.

Those have fared better who have defined man as the "animal that speaks." Possibly the sardonic old cynic would have retorted with a parrot, if the gentle Plato had ventured upon this really good definition. But we think that this definition will stand; for the parrot, after all, is only an animated phonograph.

Man is the animal that uses articulate speech for the expression of his own thoughts. But in finding expression for his ideas and thoughts, he works within certain observable limitations, and under certain recognizable laws. The Emperor Augustus could conquer the world, adding province after province to the Roman empire; but he could not add a single word to the Roman speech. He had the audacity to make the attempt, but he met with the most egregious failure. The people would give him anything he wanted, even to their last penny. They would fight in his way; they would do almost anything else in his way; but they would not talk in his way; they would talk in their own way, or die. So the Emperor's new word withered at the moment of its birth. It was instantly obsolete, and Caesar was wise enough to accept the inevitable.

The sea would not obey the mighty Canute; the people's speech would not obey the mighty Augustus. But each obeys its own laws with all the submission of the most loyal and docile subject. The law of numbers made the haughty Normans learn what they deemed the vulgar English; and so our glorious heritage of Saxon speech survives. The law of progress upward compelled the Saxon masses to learn what they deemed the jargon of the hateful foreigner and oppressor; and so we have in our speech the elegant and subtle vocabulary of the culture of the south. And from both we get the overlapping synonyms that allow such free play to English expression.

But these are specific instances. Back of all these are the general and primal laws of language-making. If man invents words at all he invents them only for the designation of objects of sense, the facts and forces of physical nature. For all mental experiences he makes use of what may well be called poetry; that is, he expresses himself by means of metaphors, or implied comparisons. The one speech must do double work; it must express what is outside and also what is within. Men speak of the warmth of zeal, burning desires, and the heat of passion. They will weigh your advice or recommendation with great care. Good news may lift from them a load of anxiety. They may be crushed by too great a burden of sorrow or affliction. By an effort of memory they will recall some former experience. They will reflect; but that is only to retrace their footsteps

Verestchagin.

Continued from page 30.

his previous remarks that he really prefers to handle large and important subjects. At any rate, most of his efforts have been directed to these. His series of pictures of the Russo-Turkish war, of India, and of Napoleon's campaign in Russia, all done on a large scale, indicate this. He revels in breadth of field and opportunity for variety and complexity of treatment. Regarding his Napoleon pictures he said: "Napoleon was a very great man. In his day and for generations afterward he was estimated as a sort of demi-god. But he had his deficiencies. I have aimed to portray him in all circumstances as a man." This note of realism dominates all of Verestchagin's pictures. They are graphic and true to nature and they idealize but little. The artist is particular about details and technique and has no sympathy with the mere impressionist.

Verestchagin's career has been full of adventures and hardships. He has lived strenuously. He risked his life in order to secure a picture of the Himalaya summits, and being deserted by his coolies he spent a couple of days alone amid the icy desolation of a high altitude. When he returned to lower levels people could hardly be made to believe that he had succeeded in his perilous attempt. Only the exhibition of his sketches could convince them. During the Russo-Turkish war he was with the armies of the Czar in their most wearisome marches and bloodiest battles. He once sailed on a torpedo-boat which sought to blow up a Turkish war-ship. The guns of the latter drove off and nearly sank the little craft, and Verestchagin was badly and nearly fatally wounded, and had to spend several months in hospital. In his various experiences he suffered from other injuries and from serious attacks of illness. Nothing ever daunted him, and on recovery he was as eager for perilous ventures as before. Although never in the military service, he showed all the daring and fire of a true soldier. Once at Samarcand twenty thousand natives attacked a fort garrisoned by only eight hundred Russians, and for eight days kept up an almost continuous fight. Verestchagin, though he was only the artist of the campaign, seized the rifle of the first Russian killed by the enemy and fought valorously with his countrymen until the foe was beaten off. One day he even led a sally, which no officer seemed inclined to head, and drove back the attacking horde, which had already mounted the ramparts. He was not aware that

more carefully over ground already traversed—literally to turn or "bend" "back" (re—back; fleet—bend). They will suppose a case; but that is only to lay down a foundation on which to build an argument—literally to "put" something "under" (sub—under; pos—place).

Now this is all physical imagery used for the expression of mental processes; and it accomplishes its purposes very well. These metaphors are very apt; and they show what instinctive poets the people are by nature. These few plain examples could be multiplied by thousands, running into metaphors that are startlingly apt and fine. To say nothing of the profit to be derived from reading this poetry of words, nothing could be more intensely interesting. It leads one to the heart of his own nature; it puts him in touch with the past generations of his species to the earliest dawn of time.

But the poetry of words is not confined to the sphere of mental activities. People invent but few words, even for physical things. Most physical objects and phenomena are described in terms of something else, which they resemble, or with which they are related. Thus the sun is the "producer," the moon is the "measurer" (of time), the sky is the "cover" of the world, the "heavens" is that which is "heaved" up, the stars are the bright "sprinklings" on the blue face of the heavens, the ground is the fine "dust" (ground up), the water is the "wet"

"I Saw an Eagle Strike"

HIGH-POISED, a spot of gray against the sky,

He sweeps a lazy wing; his eye seeks out
A desert rat, a timid bird exposed,
Or helpless, panting mite somewhere unhid.
But at his thin-drawn, plaintive, searching cry
No creature starts; the sand is echoless.
The sprinkled floor, swept clean, save where
a gust

Sends spirals whirling up to dance a space
Across the aching plain, then faint to earth,
Invites no prey.

A puff of salted air
Drifts in, a far-sent breath, impalpable,
And passing for a desert dream, except
That with it wings a gull—a tired thing,
Quite spent and crying plaintively to God.
A rush of rigid, whistling wings, a quick,
Exulting shriek, a fearful dart downshot,
A hopeless, troubled, almost human cry,
That lasts a tiny while, then is no more.
The great bald head rears up, the wings fold in,
The talons grip a shapeless thing.

Hot sand
Once more: the clean-swept desert floor un-
rolls;
No salt whiff here; the plain in loneliness—
In God's great loneliness—is still again.

JOHN M. OSKISON.

he had performed a notable feat, but he was at once acclaimed as the hero of the day and was eventually decorated with the Cross of St. George, the highest decoration in the Russian army. If he excels in pictures of battles it is because he has witnessed so many scenes of war in person.

Verestchagin is a versatile genius. Besides being an artist he is quite a voluminous author, having written about a dozen books. These deal with travels, history, and other matters. One of them is a novel, "The War Correspondent," and all have had an extensive sale in Europe. It is a tribute to his cosmopolitanism, his enterprise, his adaptability, and his practical business sense that Verestchagin has been likened to an American. Although a member of the Russian aristocracy he is democratically friendly with those who meet him. He has a fine face, a dignified manner, and looks every inch the artist and the gentleman. Although he is sixty years of age, he is still in his prime, and shows little abatement of vigor and none of skill.

How Did He Learn the Stars' Names?

TECHNICAL TERMS have frightened not a few possible nature students. Lord Avebury, the distinguished English scientist, who has recently been visiting in America, was showing the heavens through his telescope to some neighbors and servants, when one exclaimed, "I do not wonder, Sir John, that clever people find out the sizes and distances of the stars and how they move; but what beats me is how you ever could tell their names."

substance; the man is the "planner" or "projector," the woman is the "wife-man" or the "man's wife," the husband is the "master of the house," the wife was supposed to be the "weaver" but that is now questioned, the father is the "feeder" of the family, the mother is the "manager" of the household, the son is the "begotten" one, the daughter is the "milker" of the cows; the cow is the "bellow," or "moor," the rat was the "gnawer," the mouse was the "stealer" of tid-bits, the horse was the "runner"; the original lord was a sturdy "loaf-provider," the "bread-winner" of the family, the "first lady of the land" was a comely "loaf-kneader," with her arms bared to the elbow and whitened with dough, thus supplementing her noble spouse's efforts in providing good cheer for the castle. Nor must it be forgotten that "every Englishman's house is his castle" from that day to this, and every independent husband and wife the lord and lady thereof; though it is sometimes claimed that "bread-winning" and "bread-making" are the exclusive functions of the holders of titles. He is properly noble and a lord who eats bread that is honestly his own. His jewels can wait if his necessities are to the fore.

The berry was nature's gift of something to "eat," the body was the "house of bondage" of the soul. So it will be seen that the early word-makers were lookers toward a better country after the honorable toils of this life were over. They did not read much, for their book was only the humble board of the "beech" tree on which they chalked their few memoranda. They also called one of their grains buck-wheat, from its resemblance to the mast of the "beech." The ordinary wheat was simply the grain that gave the white flour for the thrifty lord and lady of the well-larder home. The milk was that which was "stroked" from the cow.

Is it not well that they could not easily invent independent words? Do not those words of association write the history of a race? Is not this poetry of words an epic of a vanished life, gone from the earth thousands upon thousands of years ago? Does it not sing of our own un-historical ancestors, and make us not only acquainted with them but proud of them? Are not these little fragments the elements of a greater Iliad, needing but another Pisistratus to throw them into form? The poem has been carried down intact by its millions of rhapsodists, and is now ready for literary form and to be sung at the board of Pericles. In the face of this new Iliad, Homer becomes a modern of the moderns. And this composite poetry has a power that no individual Homer could attain to.

Providence made the people immortal by restricting their powers of word-invention and compelling them to be their own poets.

"Still linger in our noon of time,
And on our tongue,
The echoes of the earlier prime,
By Aryan mothers sung."

So, of the hundreds of thousands of words in our dictionaries a few score only may be regarded as original terms. All the rest are poetry.

The Highest Court.

A DEEP and touching significance attaches to the incident recently reported in foreign press dispatches concerning the peasantry in a remote Russian village, who, having referred a local-boundary dispute to the Czar and received an adverse decision, announced their intention of appealing to a higher power. "How can you appeal against the Czar?" it was asked in astonishment. "There is nothing higher than the Czar except God." "Yes, there is," the peasants eagerly answered; "there is a new court which the Czar himself set up." In proof of their assertion they produced an old, well-thumbed copy of the *Bourse Gazette*, containing an account of The Hague arbitration tribunal. And who shall say the peasants were far away from the truth?

Fed the Professor.

THIS ONE HAD "DREAMS MORE TERRIBLE THAN VISIONS OF 'THE COMET.'"

You must feed the professors and teachers right or they can't do justice to pupils. They should, of all people, possess a healthy nervous and mental organization. The teacher with weak nerves cannot obtain as good results as the one who has a perfect mental poise.

"It had been for me a most difficult problem," said a professor connected with a prominent college of the South, "how to keep the nerves in proper condition and the brain in good working order. Lack of proper opportunity to take exercise, an irregular diet and improper food brought on a general break-down in health. I became irritable and restless and at night would dream of more terrible things than any of Dr. Holmes's visions of 'The Comet.'"

"Upon the suggestion of a friend, who is a busy business man, I commenced to eat Grape-Nuts every day, and found in a short time a great improvement in my health; the food contained just the right kind of nourishment for my body and brain that was lacking. The restlessness disappeared, my stomach ceased to trouble me, mental vigor returned, and I am now able to do more and better work than ever before.

"When friends express surprise to find me so well, it is necessary only to mention the merits of Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



H. BENJAMIN,
Captain of Columbia lacrosse
team of 1903.—Earle.

FOR INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENT.—As the scope of the sporting world gradually, but surely, increases, the need of a more thorough international understanding becomes more apparent. The present year will see, probably, more active competitions with an international flavor than any previous year, and something should be done by those in authority to have all competitions so arranged that records and rulings shall be recognized on each side of the water. For years England and France have been startled at records made in this country, and many will remember that when Charles Murphy rode a bicycle a mile behind a locomotive in this country in less than a minute not a publication on the other side of the Atlantic treated the matter seriously. In cricket our players and clubs bow humbly to the superior knowledge of their cousins abroad, but in other sports, with the possible exception of association football, America has made its rules and can more than hold its own with the remainder of the world. What is needed, however, is a code of rules which would govern every international competition, whether it be yachting, athletics, automobilism, swimming, cycling, tennis, golf, or horse racing. An international arbitration board for horse racing is badly needed, but much work would have to be done before this desirable condition could be brought about. As it is, an agreement would first have to be entered into by the racing associations abroad and the same thing would have to be done in this country. It may be many years before a ruling by the authorities in this country will be recognized as final by the other racing associations throughout the civilized world, but such a result is bound to come in time. The sealaws and thieves of the turf can never be brought to their deserts until some arrangement of this sort has been arrived at. Then the rascals caught red-handed could be dealt with as they deserved and barred permanently from all tracks throughout the world. The present racing arrangements in this country might be materially improved upon. While the Jockey Club is supreme in the East, it is practically *nil* in the West, where they have a Western Association, a Turf Congress, and still another self-appointed association in California. A national organization is badly needed in this country and it seems as if the Jockey Club could bring it about. Unless something like this is done, outlaw tracks and associations will spring up and do the sport irreparable injury.

HOCKEY WILL REMAIN.—While ping-pong has not survived the hot months with the rejuvenated enthusiasm expected in some quarters, that strategic and interesting sport, hockey, has bounded back into public favor, as the friends of this winter sport were sure that it would do. There will be more rinks in the field this winter than ever before and a larger number of games will be played. In towns and cities where no artificial rinks are to be had games will be played on ponds and lakes whenever the condition of the ice will permit. The intercollegiate championship this winter promises to be more interesting than ever. While Yale, the present champion, has lost most of her last year's players, the sons of Old Eli have placed another good team in the field. The same can be said about Harvard, and the crimson enthusiasts are confident that their ice artists will give a better account of themselves than they did last year. There is also much confidence in Princeton, where there is a new team with the exception of Leake and Purnell. Larned, one of the Princeton forwards, is a brother of the tennis player and promises to make a name for himself on the ice. New York and Pittsburgh have arranged games already with all of the strong teams from Canada, and the Canucks will draw big crowds wherever they play. In the Amateur Hockey League the teams from the New York and Crescent Athletic Clubs will give a good account of themselves, and New York will win the pennant this year if the players take advantage of the mistakes of the last two years. The winged-foot team has been in the habit of losing games to weaker teams through carelessness or overconfidence. This fact alone has cost them the championship two years in succession.

TOLD A YARN UNTIL HE BELIEVED IT.—"Jim" Mutrie, the old-time manager of the New York baseball team, who did more to introduce professional baseball to the metropolis than any other living man, was one of the most popular, facetious, and good-natured managers we have ever had. A good story to Mutrie was a tender morsel to be rolled under his tongue and retold repeatedly. When stories ran out Mutrie would invent a few, and he was the father of some pretty good ones. One story in particular appealed so forcibly to "Jim" that he came to really believe that it actually happened. There is a prominent athlete, whose name will not be mentioned,

who has the same failing. He testified in a sensational murder trial that he had been in a certain place upon a certain day and that he had talked with one of the principal figures in the case. The real fact, which has developed since, is that he was many miles away on that particular day. But he really believed that he was there at the time. He had simply met certain people at that particular place at about the same time each day and was positive that he could not have been elsewhere. That man's testimony might have had something to do with implicating an innocent man.

FROM RUBBER TO TURFMAN.—There have been many meteoric reputations made in the sporting world, but few have equaled that of a Brooklyn horseman who owns quite a stable of horses, has a good-sized bank account, and is taking fast strides toward affluence. It was only a few years ago that this same man was employed by the Brooklyn Baseball Club as assistant trainer. Baseball players will readily recognize what such a position means. The man was supposed to rub down the players after a game and otherwise do the work about the club-house which the regular trainer did not care to do. He saved a few dollars, went to the races, and made a little money. He invested his winnings judiciously and is worth, probably, \$100,000 to-day. I asked him at the Washington meeting some time ago, how he did it and he said: "Oh, I had a shoe string, as you know, and I was simply lucky and built it up. I said lucky, and mean it, for I was successful where thousands have failed. I will spend the winter in California and make my usual trip to Paris in the spring." Another Brooklyn boy will be remembered by many turfmen, but success did not remain with him. His name was Ogelsby and he kept a news-stand at Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn. His income was modest, but some turfmen occasionally stopped at his stand to purchase papers, and one day one of them, in a half-joking way, told him to place a small bet that day on one of the horses owned by the spokesman. The newsboy could not afford to go to the track, so he took three dollars and went to a near-by poolroom and wagered it on the tip he had received. The horse won, within a month the newsboy was part proprietor of that poolroom, and a few months later he owned several horses. Everything he touched turned to gold, and within two years he had built a row of houses, including several flats, in Brooklyn. He owned it all, clear and free, but his luck turned and he began to mortgage his property. To-day he is broke and is selling papers again.

DON'T SPECULATE IN SPORT.—A prominent automobile club of the East some time ago found itself in the same sad plight that many another sporting association has experienced. A race meet was arranged and good purses were promised. The weather was bad and the attendance small in consequence. The club did not pay the purses promised and at least one of the winners took the case into the courts. Meets of this sort, which involve expenses running into thousands of dollars, should never be attempted by any club or promoter until the money necessary to pay the purses and other expenses is deposited in a bank. Those who conducted the horse races at Buffalo last summer found themselves in the same predicament. Speculating on the outcome of sporting events is a dangerous business, and for the good name of all sports it should be stopped. Associations giving sanctions to clubs and individuals should be compelled to investigate all requests for sanctions before granting or making an allotment of dates. As these associations receive, as a general thing, a money consideration for their sanctions, it looks as if they might be held responsible for the purses. Tom Eck, the old-time bicycle manager and trainer, once put through a pet scheme of his, and while the white-haired veteran won out and cleared several thousand dollars, he did not sleep for the first three nights. Eck conceived the idea of conducting a six days' bicycle race at Madison Square Garden several years ago. None of the men with money whom he went to see liked the speculation well enough to advance the cash needed to carry it out. So Eck simply went it alone and took chances. Even the printing was ordered on time, Eck having in his pocket just \$7 when he arrived in New York. The race was a big success, but what if it had been otherwise?

FROM MILK TO MILLIONS.—A prominent real-estate dealer, owning much of the property about Bay Ridge, Long Island, recently gave to his favorite church a gift of \$30,000. Not so many years ago this man was a milk dealer in Brooklyn. One morning he met a priest, who remarked that he was too fine a man to be selling milk, and mentioned the name of a horse which was to run at Saratoga in a few days and told him to bet on him. The horse belonged to the Dwyer Brothers. The poor milkman did not dare to ask the Dwyers for information, but he mortgaged his horse and wagon for \$200 and prepared to make a killing, having implicit faith in what the priest had told him. He sent the money to Saratoga and awaited the result. The Dwyers, who were butchers at the time, kept a store in Court Street, Brooklyn, and the milkman went there on the day in question. An opportunity presented itself, and he began to talk to Philip Dwyer, now the president of the Brooklyn Jockey Club. Mr. Dwyer, later in the afternoon, when talking with a friend, said that he had placed his all on his horse, which was to run that

day, and the milkman remarked that he was in the same boat. "But how will we know whether the horse has won?" he said to Mr. Dwyer. "Oh," replied Mr. Dwyer, "I have arranged to have a boy come over from the telegraph office, and if my horse has won the boy will carry a tin pail in his hand." An hour later the expectant little party was overjoyed to see a boy approaching with a tin can in his hand, and the foundation for several fortunes was started. That night the Dwyers turned over the butcher shop to their assistant, giving him a free title to the place. To-day the ex-milkman and the ex-butchers are wealthy men, while the man to whom the butcher-shop was given is a street-sweeper in Brooklyn.

GEORGE E. STACKHOUSE.

Sporting Queries Answered.

D. Y. R., NEW YORK.—The alleged turf commissioners you mention are probably, like the rest of their kind, little better than touts. If you must gamble on horse races you will have better success probably if you handle your money yourself. If you don't, the tipsters will be pretty sure to get it all.

J. T. T., PORTLAND, ORE.—No records have been kept in this country running back to 1797. Would suggest that you write to the English Jockey Club, where the desired information might be obtained.

J. M. M., NEW ORLEANS.—There are many great baseball players and it is hard to say which is the best all-around man. The majority of experts would name Lajoie, while others would vote for either Delehanty, George Davis, or Keeler. G. E. S.

A Practical Philanthropist.

MISS HELEN M. GOULD, the eldest daughter of the late Jay Gould, is as thoughtful as she is philanthropic, and apparently lives to do good. Last year, instead of following her usual custom of giving turkeys on Thanksgiving Day to the numerous employes of her estate at Tarrytown, N. Y., she varied the programme, in view of the scarcity of fuel, and gave to each of the employes an oil stove, a barrel of kerosene, another of potatoes, a barrel of flour, and a quantity of bacon. Miss Gould, like her late father, has a very practical turn of mind.

The Story of a Mining-camp.

Continued from page 34.

my eyes were so swollen with mosquito bites in Alaska that my partner had to cut them open so that I could see to build a boat that was to take us away from the gold fields. Yes, the insects in that forgotten land are hell."

Eastern capital has made this place. Men to-day gamble and turn the shares on the money markets and Eastern city-breds grow moon-eyed at the telegraphic jottings of new drifts, new strikes, new bonanzas. But little do they reek of the life of this group of cabins; of the steady toil of the man below ground, of the spirit of gambling intoxication, of the crudity, the barrenness, the joy, the sorrow. The man who made his million here, from the Mizpah and from other claims, is entitled to it. He won by the strength of personal worth and good muscles. He deserves a place in the Senate when his time shall come and if he be fit. He has already fought the good fight. Then, in the misty, half-light of the morning I climbed upon the stage beside the swaying driver—all night over faro with friends and still groggy and savagely complaining. The booking agent stepped out with his roster.

"Mr. Vermilye," he called.

"Here"—a sleepy voice from the inside.

"Miss Carew."

"Her-re." She was a little gum-chewing waitress with a copy of Laura Jean Libby and was going back to Ohio. "Too lonesome in the wilderness," she told me.

The Congressman then answered to his name and so did I.

"Mr. Sommerfield."

No response and the leaders were pawing the air.

"Mr. Sommerfield," again and very loud.

Still no answer.

"Is Mr. Sommerfield inside?"

"Playin' poker at Gyp's," spoke the driver in *sotto voce*, and so in the chill, heartless daylight we rolled out upon the sandy ruts and turned to the white plains where once were great lakes of salt and seas of greasy water. A coyote trotted across the path like a big dog and looked at us craftily as we disappeared down the rolling grade. It was the only life upon the desert.

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ELIZABETH TYREE,
As *Dolly Erskine* in "Gretna
Green," at the Madison
Square.—*Savoy*.



THE THRILLING SCENE IN THE OLD SWORD-ROOM.
Act IV. of David Belasco's spectacular Japanese play, "The Darling of the Gods," at the
Belasco.—*Byron*.



MRS. LANGTRY,
In her new play, "The Cross-
ways," at the Garrick.
—*Savoy*.



CLARA BLOODGOOD,
Who has made a success as a star in "The
Girl with the Green Eyes," at the
Savoy.—*Savoy*.



THE FINALE OF ACT II. OF GEORGE ADE'S COMIC OPERA,
"The Sultan of Sulu," at Wallack's.—*Byron*.



THE WALTZ SONG IN ACT II.
of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," at the New York, the
quaint costumes of which have caught the town.—*Hall*.



FERDINAND BONN,
The eminent German actor, now playing
at the Irving Place.—*Puck*.



MAUDE LAMBERT AND MAURICE DARCEY,
Who play important parts in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," at
the New York.—*Hall*.



SYDNEY BOOTH AND LEONA MERVILLE,
Clever artists who appear in "The Two Juliets,"
at Keith's.—*Savoy*.



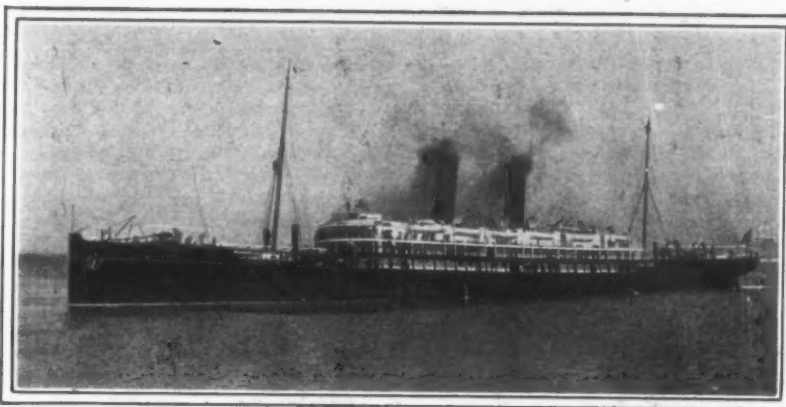
ROBERT T. HAINES AND BLANCHE BATES,
Who admirably sustain leading rôles in "The Darling of the Gods," at
the Belasco.—*Byron*.

THE DRAMATIC SEASON IN FULL SWING.

SOME NEW PLAYS WHICH HAVE PROVED SUCCESSFUL, AND PLAYERS WHOSE EFFORTS HAVE MADE THEM SO.

Largest Ships of Three Great Nations

THE RAPID progress which Germany is making in maritime matters is indicated by the fact that she now possesses four big ocean steamers that excel all other vessels of the kind in the world in speed. These great passenger-carrying ships are the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* and the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*, of the North German Lloyds, and the *Deutschland*, of the Hamburg-American line. The *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* is the newest of all these, having been launched only recently at the Vulcan shipyard in Bremen, with much ceremony and in the presence of the Emperor. She is considered a triumph of German shipbuilding art, and it is claimed that she is the most up-to-date in equipment of any steamer in existence. She will cost \$3,806,571. Her appointments will be of the finest. The *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* is 706 feet and 6 inches long, 72 feet wide, and her depth, apart from promenade decks, is 52 feet 6 inches. Her water displacement amounts to 26,000 tons and her carrying capacity is 20,000 tons. She has four engines capable of developing 40,000 horse power. It is predicted that she will prove faster than the *Deutschland*, whose speed is twenty-three



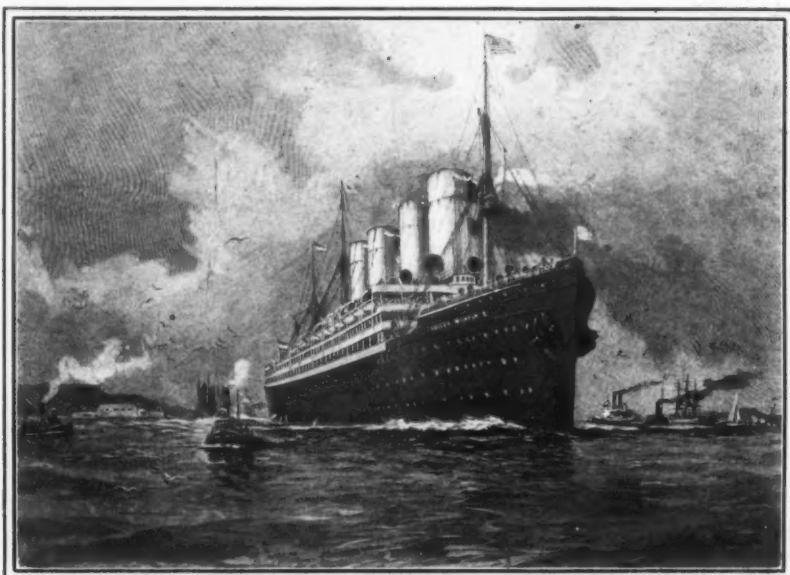
ONE OF THE LARGEST SHIPS EVER BUILT IN AMERICA, THE "KOREA," OF THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP LINE.—Ponting.

and-class, and 770 third-class passengers, and for a crew of 600. This leviathan among steamships presents a majestic appearance and dwarfs all surrounding vessels, even a battle-ship appearing small beside her. She is expected to be ready for traffic in April next.

going vessel in the world. The claim as to size, however, is disputed by the Britishers, who point to the White Star liner *Cedric*, a nine-decker, lately launched at Belfast, Ireland, as the largest steamer ever built. The *Cedric* is 700 feet long, or 6½ feet shorter than the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, but she is 75

rival. The *Cedric's* displacement is 37,870 tons, or nearly 12,000 greater than that of the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* She is well able to carry 3,000 passengers and a crew of 350, which exceeds the passenger capacity of the German vessel. The *Cedric's* dead-weight carrying capacity will be 18,400 tons. There is no pretense of great speed put forth in her behalf, though she will not be slow. She was designed primarily for the carriage of large cargoes of freight. Nevertheless her cabin accommodations will be ample and attractive.

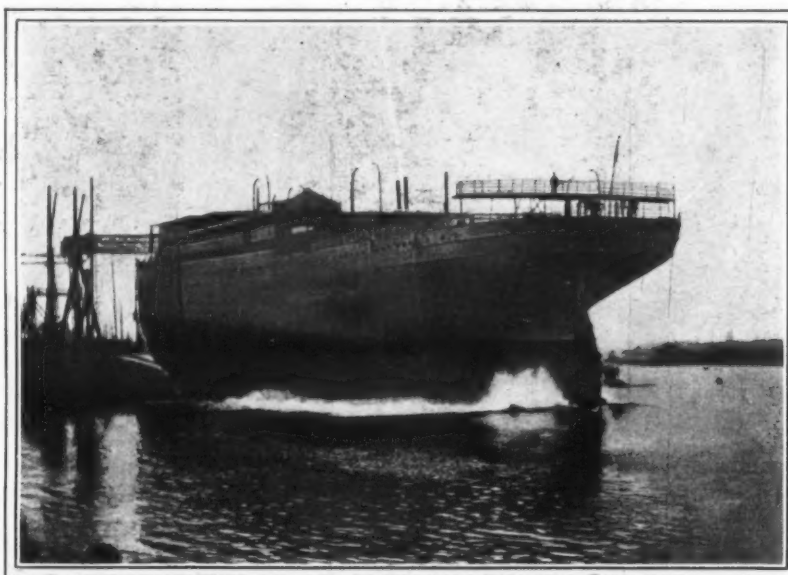
The United States has not as yet produced a vessel which ranks in size and tonnage with the two described above. The largest ship ever constructed in America is the *Kroonland*, of 12,760 tons, engaged in transatlantic trade. The new steamship *Korea*, belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Line, which not long ago started on her maiden voyage from San Francisco to Hong-Kong, cost \$2,000,000, and has a gross tonnage of 11,300 tons. Her speed is eighteen knots per hour, she has accommodations for 200 first-class and 1,250 steerage passengers, and her crew numbers 236. The *Korea* carried the largest cargo ever shipped from San Francisco, 10,000 tons of freight, val-



GERMANY'S GREATEST SHIP-BUILDING TRIUMPH THE NEW AND FAST "KAISER WILHELM II."

and a half knots, and will thus be the swiftest steamer on the sea. She has accommodations for 775 first-class, 343 sec-

The Germans have asserted that in the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* they have constructed the biggest, as well as the fastest, ocean-



LAUNCHING, AT BELFAST, IRELAND, OF GREAT BRITAIN'S BIGGEST STEAMER, THE "CEDRIC."

feet wide, or 3 feet wider than the German ship, although her depth is only 49½ feet, or more than 3 feet less than that of her

ued at \$620,600. Though not equal to the best steamships of the Atlantic Ocean, she is an attractive and well-appointed vessel.

Business Chances in China

By Harry Beardsley

THE MEN of the United States are interested in two things: Opportunities for American progress as a nation, and opportunities to better their own circumstances as individuals. One is patriotism; the other is ambition. The statement from an authoritative source of American opportunity in China is, therefore, doubly interesting. As a special commissioner of the United States to China, the Hon. Thaddeus S. Sharrett, a member of the board of United States general appraisers at New York, had unusual facilities to study this matter, and it is Mr. Sharrett who says that when China is opened to the world America will hold the great advantage over other nations in the strife for commercial and industrial benefits growing out of the latent wealth of the great, slumbering Asiatic empire. Mr. Sharrett, who returned to New York recently, was in the Orient one year, and, with the exception of the time spent in transit on the Pacific, he was during all of that time in China.

"In the first place," said Mr. Sharrett, "the Chinese are more friendly to Americans than to the people of any other nation. The reason is that during the difficulties in China all of the other nations fired on the Chinese fort excepting the United States. Admiral Kempff, of our navy, did not join the others. The Chinamen know it, and by this time the fact has been pretty thoroughly circulated, so that a general sentiment friendly to Americans has been created. The Chinese know, too, that the United States has used its influence against the dismemberment of the empire, and this has also added to the friendly feeling for America. When China is opened to commercial enterprises the feeling of friendship

for Americans already established will become apparent.

"China," said Mr. Sharrett, "is the richest country on the globe. Its natural resources are almost unlimited. It has some of the richest mines in the world—gold, silver, iron and other metals, and coal. It has been estimated, I believe, by some engineer who has examined the coal fields of China, that there is enough of this fuel in sight to last the world 3,000 years. But the two things which are holding China back are her superstitions and her system of taxation. This immense mineral wealth of the empire, for instance, lies untouched in the earth because of a silly belief of the people. They say that Teng Shuy, the wind and water god, has forbidden mining. The god has declared, the Chinamen believe, that destruction and death will come upon those who dig minerals from the ground. The god has put it there for the Chinese nation alone and it is not to be taken out of the earth and given to the 'foreign devils.' So, century after century, minerals which alone make the Chinese a wealthy people lie undisturbed and unused.

"The system of taxation, too, is a detriment to the opening and progress of China. There are eighteen provinces in the empire, each under the command of a tao-tai. These officials collect taxes and turn them over to the imperial government. It is the practice, however, for the tao-tai to collect two or three times as much from his people as he is authorized by the laws of the empire to collect, and those under him, his subordinates, to the very lowest, extort money from the taxpayers and rob them, so that the poor farmer of China pays in taxes two-thirds of all that he raises. The

robbery is enormous, and the officials, in explanation to the people, say that it is the foreigners who are making the great tax; that it is the foreigners who demand it for the war indemnity. It is no wonder that such a bitter prejudice against all foreigners exists among the poor and ignorant Chinese.

"One of the worst impediments to commerce is the 'likin' tax. 'Likin' means per cent. And the tax is a certain per cent. of the value of all goods that are transported over the canals in China. This tax began after the Taiping rebellion, when the valley of the Yang-tse Kiang was depopulated in the relentless and cruel fighting of the Chinamen. Until that time the land-owners had been the bearers of the burden of taxation, but they were killed in this province, and the tao-tai devised a tax of a certain per cent. of their value—about 1 per cent.—on all goods transported on the canals through his territory. The toll was collected at stations along the canal, called 'likin' stations. The system spread in the empire. Then the usual corruption crept in. The men in charge of the stations on the canals not only collected the tax, but charged an additional sum for the privilege of passing the goods along. It was their personal reward and is called the 'cum shaw.' The man who refused to pay the 'cum shaw' would be put to all sorts of inconvenience. His goods would be held for two days, or more, under the pretense that they would have to be examined, and finally the shipper would give up and submit to the extortion. The tax, instead of being only 1 per cent., as at first, came with the 'cum shaw' to amount to 25 per cent. of the value of the goods shipped.

"Now England and China, September 1st

last, signed a treaty by which it is agreed that the likin tax will be no longer collected, and that as a source of revenue all imports shall pay a duty of 12½ per cent. The exception is made, however, in the cases of opium and salt, upon which the likin may still be collected. And this is the part of the treaty that will make it absolutely worthless. The English will find that as long as the likin stations remain on the canals the men at the stations will continue to practice extortion as they have always done. The only thing to do is to abolish the stations. The import tax of 12½ per cent. does not affect American goods unless the United States agrees to the same treaty as that which England has signed.

"In order that Americans shall receive the fullest benefit from China's resources it will be necessary, first, for the Powers of the world to meet and agree upon an honest and efficient system of taxation for China and enforce the adoption of that system; and, second, to remove as much as possible the foolish superstition of the people."

"Could all the Powers be brought into an amicable agreement of this sort?" was asked.

"It could be easily done," replied Mr. Sharrett, "and America should be the leader in it, for ours would be the greatest benefit. We have the natural waterway to the Orient. When the mines of China are opened her people will have wealth and they will demand manufactures which America produces. Her metals, teas, silks, straw matting, and other products would find a market here. It would be an opportunity for an enormous trade. China would not compete against our manufac-

Continued on page 46.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests. Subscribers to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* at the home office, at regular subscription rates, namely, \$4 per annum, are placed on a preferred list, entitling them to the early delivery of the papers, and in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. Address "Jasper," *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE OPENING of the new year is attended with a widespread feeling of anxiety. A relaxation of the feeling of satisfaction and confidence which has continuously prevailed for three or four years, is apparent. Those who, a year ago, scouted the idea that we had reached the top of the wave of prosperity, are beginning to distrust the new year. The slump in prices in Wall Street was the danger signal. Heretofore, whenever this signal has been seen, it has been a warning to the public.

The tightening of money was the first thing to call a halt on wild speculation. The boomers persisted, from week to week and from month to month, that the inflow of money from the West and South would shortly restore the equilibrium of things, relieve the stock market, and open the way for another rise. I pointed out that this was preposterous, in view of the fact that a new high level for nearly all railroad shares and bonds had been reached; that enormous sums had been absorbed in new industrial combinations and new issues of railway bonds and shares; and that our great promoters were continuing their operations in the face of a tightening money market and an increasing reluctance on the part of money-lenders, on both sides of the Atlantic, to give further support to speculative operations in the United States.

The trouble with the money market is not the regular periodical one of an incidental demand for cash to move crops and facilitate the operations of farmers in the South and West. It is deeper-seated than that. It is the natural result of extraordinary business conditions. Our banks and trust companies, or at least too many of them, have lent their aid to great enterprises, more or less speculative, and are long of securities and short of cash. If the public would only consent to buy these securities there would be plenty of cash to lend. But the public is loaded, too, and whenever it seeks a market it finds prices declining.

Meanwhile, a scarcity of loanable funds continues, and the depression in Wall Street is spreading to the business world. It needs no prophetic eye to see that unless these unfavorable currents are turned, they threaten serious danger to the general prosperity of half a million manufacturing establishments in this country, employing over five million wage-earners, and nearly \$10,000,000,000 of capital, and producing over thirteen billion of products yearly. With manufacturers unable to borrow, excepting

at high rates of interest; with American workmen demanding higher wages; with the depressed industries of Europe pouring into us their surplus products at competitive prices; with the increase in the cost of living here, and the natural tendency to retrench, how long will it be before our manufacturers will produce more than we can consume or sell? And what will follow?—lower wages, strikes, depression, and money in so little demand that it will be cheaper than ever.

This is not a very promising prospect for the new year and nobody hopes more sincerely than I that our boundless prosperity may continue not only through 1903, but for many years to come. But, aside from the condition of the money market, there are other unfavorable factors. The significant statement in the recent annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission that it cannot cope with the problem of railroad consolidation, that it cannot secure convictions or indictments against railroads which give secret rates to shippers, in violation of the law, and that it cannot suppress railroad combinations that are strangling competition, comes at a time when the general demand for anti-trust legislation is backed up by the force of an increasing public opinion. At this juncture, too, tariff revision is also demanded. Whether or not drastic anti-trust legislation and tariff-reform bills are passed by Congress, is a matter of much consequence. The mere agitation of radical legislation on these subjects must interfere with industrial prosperity in many directions. The ability of Congress to deal with industrial questions from the highest standard of equity and right, rather than from the low plane of expediency and the politician, I regret to say, has not been demonstrated. With an unreasonable, biased, and revengeful public on one hand, and a complacent

Congress on the other, what may we not expect?

The new year is liable to witness several significant changes. We cannot expect that our iron and steel industries will continue to expand. The terrible depression in German iron, steel, and kindred trades, because of the large loans which their proprietors have made and which are still unsettled, leads to the fear that trouble of the same kind must ultimately be expected here. Our over-loaded industrial corporations, with a reduction of profits, must be reorganized and there must be a tremendous liquidation in their shares. Already an expectation of lower prices in the iron trade is manifested and a fear that over-production will shortly be recorded. Electrical enterprises have been overdone and many suburban trolley lines must go into the hands of receivers. The demands for increased compensation from railroad employees and others continue; the Legislatures of many States are passing bills to impose heavier burdens on railroads and other corporations; the trade balance, which has been so largely in our favor, is \$200,000,000 less than in 1901, and the demand for money East and West is unabated.

The hopeful side of the question—and I am glad there is one—is found in the combination of the bankers of New York, which I have no doubt has had a very encouraging effect abroad as well as at home, by which they agree to furnish \$40,000,000 or \$50,000,000 in an emergency, if it should arise, to prevent a panic in Wall Street. This timely relief probably saved the market from a panic. It was given in the hope that business conditions might substantially improve and this hope is strengthened by our increasing exports of grain, and especially of corn. We must pay our bills abroad and unless our foreign creditors will accept our securities, we must give them cash or its

equivalent in the shape of merchandise and the products of the farm. How much we owe abroad is a matter of conjecture. Conservative bankers put the figure far higher than some of the financiers on Wall Street. The situation abroad does not tend to make our creditors easy with us. If they should insist upon the payment of our obligations, trouble would result. That they have been so considerate has contributed to our happiness. The people of this country certainly are prosperous, optimistic, and hopeful. These are good qualities, but the rod is not spared for the best of God's children.

"T." Hillsdale, N. J.: No. Leave it alone.
"S." Brooklyn: There was no page 731 in the last issue of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. Are you not mistaken?

"M. D. N." Cincinnati: Two dollars received. You are on my preferred list for six months. I do not believe in the proposition, if you look for permanent results, and that should always be the aim of an investor.

"P." Lynn, Mass.: I do not advise the purchase of the King Crowther Oil Company's shares. The reports regarding it do not indicate that it can be in any sense regarded as an investment. Even as a speculation it looks like one of the poorest.

"A. H. R." Chicago: (1) This is not a good time to speculate. You would be wiser, with the small amount of money you have, to keep it in a savings-bank a little longer, and finally to use it to buy some investment bond or preferred railroad stock.

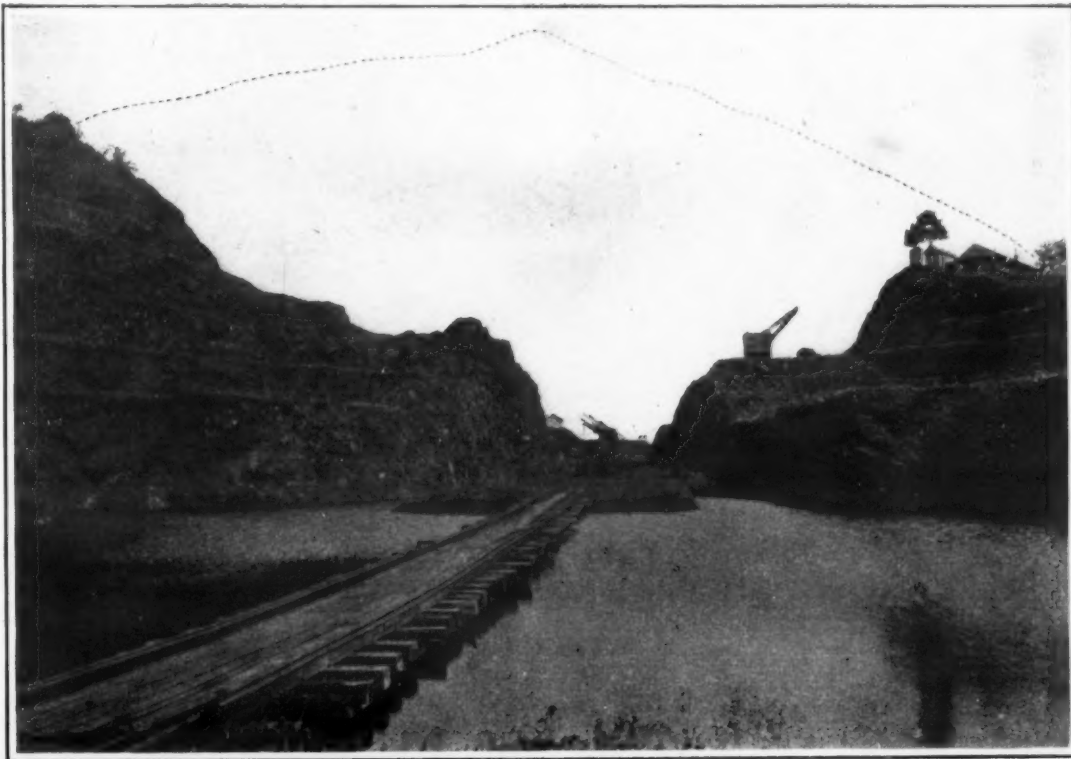
"S." New Orleans: (1) The recent advance in hemlock leather is adding considerably to the earnings of the United States Leather Company. The preferred is better for an investment. (2) A company with a capital of \$2,500,000 has just been organized in New Jersey, to build biscuit factories in competition with the National Biscuit Trust. (3) Railroads are still confronted by increasing demands on the part of their employees for higher wages. If prosperous conditions should abate in the new year, labor troubles might very generally be anticipated.

"X. Y. Z." Thomaston, N. Y.: (1) If the money situation should improve, so that manipulation for a rise could again be undertaken, I have no doubt that Rock Island common would be rapidly advanced, to enable insiders to unload. The same condition would be helpful to Atchafalpa common and Southern Pacific. Reading is perhaps the best of the coal properties from a speculative standpoint. Brooklyn Rapid Transit on its earnings is high enough, but insiders still predict that its future warrants a further advance. Until its earnings show an improvement I would not advise its purchase. (2) This is not a good time to speculate on a margin.

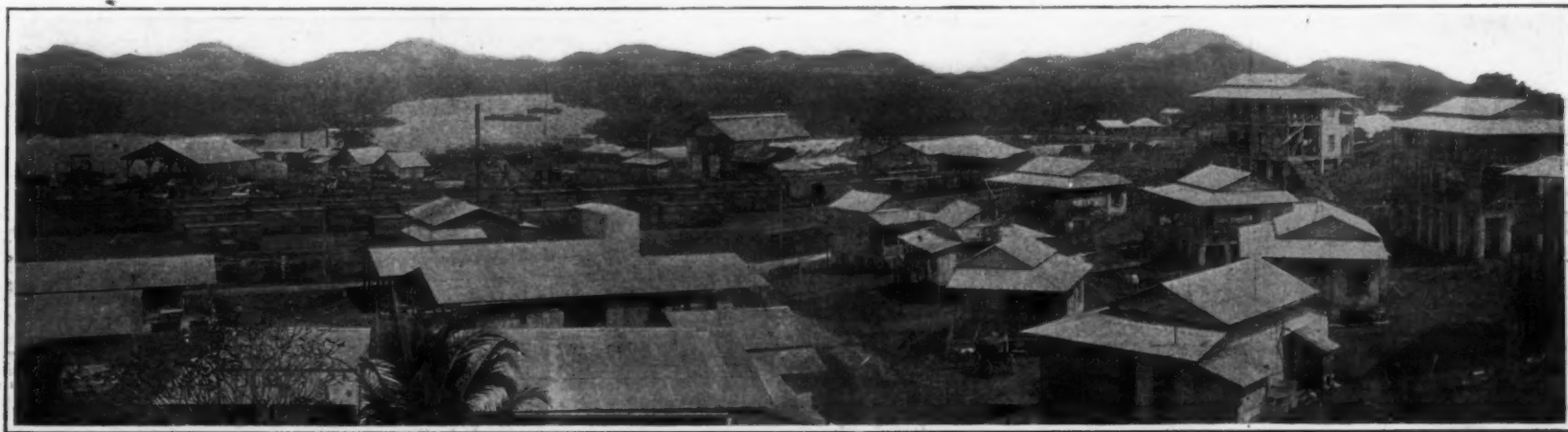
"W." Sherbrooke: It is utterly impossible for any one to tell what the market will be in advance, for, while the outlook for the market might be good, any extraordinary complication would completely upset existing conditions. I try to advise only regarding properties concerning which I can get intelligent and reliable information. Herculean efforts to prevent a bad break are being made. They may succeed for the time being. In that event, the liquidation will be slower, but, in the end, a lower level must be reached, though some stocks will be advanced no doubt by new combinations and the development of new opportunities. Kansas City Southern and Norfolk and Western are probably among these.

"L." Annapolis, Md.: The plan of reorganization of the American Bicycle Company proposes to give to bondholders par in the new non-cumulative, second preferred stock, of which ten million is to be issued. Holders of the present preferred stock, on payment of nine dollars a share, will receive nine dollars in new first preferred stock, of which \$2,500,000 is to be issued, and fifty dollars in new common stock, of which \$10,000,000 is to be issued. Holders of the common stock, on payment of an assessment of nine dollars, will receive nine dollars in new first preferred, and twenty-five in new common shares. There is strong opposition to carrying out this plan of reorganization, especially on the part of some bondholders. Those who bought the common and preferred of the old bicycle company, because they were cheap, will now lose what they paid, unless they are ready to stand an assessment of nine dollars per share. The company's present capital is over \$36,000,000. This, it will be seen, is to be shrunk to \$22,500,000. The new capital still seems to be too large.

Continued on following page.



THE IMMENSE CULEBRA CUT, DUG THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN AT THE ROUTE'S HIGHEST POINT—DOTTED LINE SHOWS FORMER HEIGHT OF THE GROUND EXCAVATED



ENTRANCE TO THE CANAL AT THE PANAMA SIDE OF THE ISTHMUS, SHOWING CANAL EMPLOYEES' DWELLINGS AND LONG LINES OF CARS.

THE ISTHMIAN WATER-WAY WHICH WILL LINK THE GREAT OCEANS.

PANAMA CANAL AT THE SEA LEVEL ON THE PACIFIC COAST AND AT ITS HIGHEST PART IN THE CULEBRA MOUNTAIN.—Photographs by I. L. Maduro.

OFFICIAL LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE CITY RECORD of December 16 to 30, 1902, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears, of assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named streets in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

24TH WARD, SECTION 11, EAST 188TH STREET OPENING, from 3d Avenue to Park Avenue; confirmed October 14, 1902; entered December 12, 1902.

24TH WARD, SECTION 12, EAST 242D STREET OPENING, from Katonah Avenue to the northern boundary of the City; confirmed October 20, 1902; entered December 12, 1902.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.
City of New York, December 12, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE CITY RECORD of December 19, 1902, to January 3, 1903, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears, of assessments for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23RD WARD, SECTION 11, BOONE STREET SEWER, from West Farms Road to Freeman Street.

24TH WARD, SECTION 11, WALTON AVENUE SEWER, from Belmont to Rockwood Streets; also, ROCKWOOD STREET SEWER, from Walton Avenue to the Grand Boulevard and Concourse.

24TH WARD, SECTIONS 11 and 12, EAST 189TH STREET SEWER, from Belmont Avenue to Arthur Avenue; also, ARTHUR AVENUE SEWER, between East 187th Street and Pelham Avenue.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.
City of New York, December 17, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE CITY RECORD of December 5 to 18, 1902, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears, of assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named street in the BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN:

12TH WARD, SECTION 7, WEST 144TH STREET OPENING, from Hamilton Terrace to Convent Avenue. Confirmed October 20, 1902; entered December 3, 1902.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.
City of New York, December 3, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE CITY RECORD of December 5 to 18, 1902, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears, of assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named avenue in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

24TH WARD, SECTION 11, ANDREWS AVENUE OPENING, from Burnside Avenue to East 180th Street. Confirmed October 20, 1902; entered December 3, 1902.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.
City of New York, December 3, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE CITY RECORD of December 12 to 26, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears, of assessments for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN:

12TH WARD, SECTION 8, 163D STREET PAVING, from Amsterdam Avenue to Edgecombe Avenue.

9TH AND 15TH WARDS, SECTION 2, WEST STREET SEWER, between West 11th Street and Horatio Street; also, WASHINGTON STREET SEWER, between Jane Street and West 12th Street; also, ALTERATION AND IMPROVEMENT TO CONNECTING SEWERS IN BANK, BETHUNE, WEST 12TH, JANE, HORATIO, WASHINGTON AND GANSEVOORT STREETS AND 13TH AVENUE.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.
City of New York, December 10, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE CITY RECORD of December 12 to 26, 1902, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears, of assessments for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

24TH WARD, SECTION 11, GARDEN STREET SEWER, between Crotona Avenue and Southern Boulevard. EAST 176TH STREET SEWER, from Southern Boulevard to the street summit situated west of Marmion Avenue. EAST 183D STREET SEWER, between Southern Boulevard and Adams Place; also, PROSPECT AVENUE SEWER, from East 183D Street to Grote Street.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.
City of New York, December 10, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE CITY RECORD of December 27, 1902, to January 10, 1903, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision of Assessments and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears, of assessments for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

24TH WARD, SECTION 11, CROTONA PARK, NORTH SEWER, from the street summit situated west of Crotona Avenue to the street summit situated east of Prospect Avenue. EAST 171ST STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, LAYING CROSSLAKES AND FENCING, from Fulton Avenue to Park Avenue. EAST 175TH STREET SEWER, from Southern Boulevard to the street summit situated west of Marmion Avenue; also, CROTONA PARK, NORTH SEWER, from East 175th Street to the street summit situated west of Marmion Avenue.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.
City of New York, December 24, 1902.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE CITY RECORD of December 27, 1902, to January 10, 1903, of the confirmation by the Board of Assessors and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments and Arrears, of assessments for LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS in the BOROUGH OF THE BRONX:

23RD WARD, SECTION 10, JACKSON AVENUE SEWER, between Westchester Avenue and East 156th Street.

23RD AND 24TH WARDS, SECTION 11, WASHINGTON AVENUE BASINS, at the northwest corner of East 169th Street and the northeast corner of East 181st Street; also, THIRD AVENUE BASIN, at the northeast corner of East 180th Street.

24TH WARD, SECTION 11, CROTONA AVENUE PAVING, from Boston Road to Crotona Park, South. EAST 176TH STREET SEWER, from Southern Boulevard to Boston Road. SOUTHERN BOULEVARD SEWER, from East 175th Street to Boston Road.

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.
City of New York, December 24, 1902.

How To Get Foreign Trade

WHILE THE enterprise, "push," and resourcefulness of American business men are, in general, quite superior, we believe, to those of the business men of any other nationality in the world, we have something yet to learn from other nations in the art of exploiting our goods and developing American trade in foreign parts. Our consular agents in various countries, in their reports to our State Department, are constantly pointing out the necessity of adopting new and better methods of securing trade in their localities, if we are to compete successfully, for instance, with the Germans in these markets. Germany's diplomatic officers, as well as its consuls and commercial attachés, its Ministry of Commerce, and its individual boards of trade, work hand in hand for the accomplishment of an object which is always kept distinctly in view, the extension of their country's export trade.

The experiment made by the German government in establishing a corps of commercial experts, whose members are detailed for duty at consulates in countries where there seems to be reason to hope that German trade can be benefited by their investigations and reports, is apparently proving successful. These trained business men begin their work with the advantage of having at their disposal the advice of the consuls under whom they serve. The consuls, having resided perhaps for several years in the countries under investigation, have had experience, and have gathered information in regard to trade methods, etc.

Unlike the consul, the commercial expert is not restricted in his movements by office duties. He accordingly has an exceptional opportunity to gather systematically and intelligently additional information needed by German exporters, with whom he may have had an opportunity for consultation before beginning his investigation. After the completion of his mission he, in some cases, returns to Germany for the purpose of meeting in person interested exporters, and giving them orally information which must in this form be more satisfactory and of greater practical value than anything which he might be able to say in a printed report. The advantages of the plan thus described are so many and so obvious that it would seem necessary only to describe it to secure its adoption. As a "word" to the "wise" business man, it must surely be "sufficient."

A significant and suggestive instance of the specific methods by which Germany pushes her trade is given by George H. Murphy, consular clerk at Frankfurt. The particular field of effort in this instance was Morocco, where, it appears, the demand for cotton wares has previously been supplied by England. As the sale of foreign cotton wares in Morocco is not unimportant—the importations at eight Moorish ports in 1899 amounted, in round numbers, to \$2,766,000—it appeared to the German minister in that country that it might be worth while for German manufacturers to try to compete with their English rivals in the Moorish market. He accordingly caused the principal German firms in Tangier to prepare a collection of samples for the information of interested German manufacturers, and this collection, accompanied by an explanatory report, was forwarded to the Chamber of Commerce at München-Gladbach, Prussia, for inspection by interested parties, with instructions that three weeks after receipt it must be sent on to the Chapter of Commerce at Münster, etc.

Public notice was given in the newspapers that for a period of two weeks this collection of samples could be examined in the office of the chambers of commerce where exhibited. The result was that a large number of representatives of different branches of the textile industry had an opportunity to carefully inspect the samples. In this connection, a large measure of interest and significance attaches to a recent report of Consul Ozurun at Stuttgart, Germany, showing the advantages which have accrued to German

trade from the establishment, about ten years ago, of reciprocity treaties with other countries, including Italy, Switzerland, Servia, Roumania, and Russia. From the tables submitted by Mr. Ozurun, it appears that Germany, by entering into commercial treaties with these countries, was able to increase her export trade with them, for the period mentioned, forty-four per cent.; and while at the same time the imports from these countries exceeded the export to them, this excess was thirty-three per cent. less in the last three years of treaties than in the three years before the treaties came into operation. This greatly increased volume of trade has made reciprocity treaties popular in Germany, as they deserve to be.

Folk Lore of the Boers.

A WRITER in the London *Spectator* describes some curious superstitions still prevailing among the Boers of South Africa. Such is the belief that on Old Year's Eve the world turns round, and the *gras mannetjes*, beings analogous to the German "Kobolds," creep out to steal the firewood for their midnight revels. The source of another belief—namely, that the howling of a dog foretells disaster, since the animal sees a visitor from the nether world—is also easily traceable; but it is less easy to discover whence arose the curious belief, which prevails in certain of the eastern districts of the Cape Colony, that it is unsafe to cut short a sneeze!

From native sources are derived the many superstitious beliefs concerning the praying mantis and stick insect, the butcher-bird and the Stanley crane, while the devil-bee (the death's-head moth) owes its reputation for vindictiveness to the influence of European teachings. Most of the folk-lore of the veldt concerns morbid subjects—death and dying, the already dead, and those about to die, sickness and disease, tempest and bad weather, and dire events. The more innocent fables are generally of native origin, and some of them are decidedly pleasing.

The folk-tales—how the sand lizard's mother would not allow him to be married, how the jackal christened his children, and how the baboons got the better of the tigers—are known to every Boer boy and girl, and deserve a wider public, for they are thoroughly original and smell of the veldt. Some South African Grimm is needed to discover and put on record the many fairy tales of the Maqua tribes and the higher Damaras, which are said to be extremely curious and interesting. Some of them are known to the Boers, but in general the Cape farmer does not care for such things. He prefers the more morbid subjects, and leaves the less exciting episodes to his children.

It is extremely rare nowadays to meet a farmer who has at his fingers' ends the details of the history of the "little brother with the lame leg," the "iron mouse," or "the crowned snake"—three folk-tales which were at one time well known. More widely spread is the belief in *ou paai bully*, an imaginary person who fills a rôle somewhat similar to that of the bogey man. "Antjie Somers," a woman with a beard who kidnaps naughty children, seems to rest on some historical basis; while "Klaas Vaakie," the little man in the red cap who brings sleep, is so obviously a German importation that he deserves no place in the assembly of purely South African characters of evil and good genii.

Bright Sayings of Real Children.

MANY OF the alleged sayings of children which find their way into public print are so obviously manufactured to order and so unlike the utterances of real children that they fail to excite any interest on the part of child-lovers, but are regarded by them rather with feelings of scorn and sometimes with indignation. But an exception to this rule is found in some remarks of little people chronicled by a correspondent in the London *Spectator*. These are so fresh, original, and truly childlike as to be delightful in a high degree. We are told here of two little girls named Ethel and Marjory who went with their mother to the stores to buy golf-clubs for their father, who was sweltering on the Indian plains. "Ethel," said Marjory, "are these for our Father which art in heaven, or our father which art in India?" "Hush, Marjory," was the answer. "Don't you know that our Father which art in heaven only plays Sunday games?"

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from preceding page.

"H." Fitchburg: Read my introductory paragraph.

"B." Milwaukee: Two dollars received. You are on my preferred list for six months.

"M." New York: Thanks for your information regarding Southern Pacific. My information was semi-official, and came from the inside.

"J. R." Ottawa: I do not believe the liquidation is ended and would keep out of the market, unless you want to dip into it for a quick turn.

"L." Detroit: Newark Gas 5s are not dealt in on the exchange and I know little about the property. I would not sacrifice the Asphalt 5s at present.

"R." Omaha: Cannot advise, excepting in answer to specific inquiries. On recessions, Missouri Pacific and Norfolk and Western can be traded in profitably, but money market conditions do not warrant extensive operations.

"X." Cherokee, Ia.: Subscription renewed and preference given. American Can has reached a level at which many have believed it a good speculative industrial. It might be well to hold for the present. Of course it represents only water.

"K." Piedmont, W. Va.: (1) The statement regarding the trouble was correct. No rating is given by the agencies and I am unable to advise. (2) I am not advising the purchase of anything until the money market situation brightens, but think well of Missouri Pacific and Texas Pacific, on reactions.

"Miner." Butte, Mont.: Your reasoning regarding the Amalgamated and the Standard Oil is precisely like my own. No doubt the latter would like to control the copper situation, but if it permits the depression in Amalgamated to go too far, and if the property, as you say, has great value, will not some of its opponents be likely to pick it up?

"C." New York: Subscription renewed. (1) National Railroad of Mexico sold two years ago at about four dollars a share, and last year as high as nearly 22. The depreciation in silver is a bad thing for all Mexican properties. If your friend is well advised, you might hold for the present. (2) It looks as if American Ice had been picked up on recent declines.

"L." Nashville: The effects of the coal strike on the Jersey Central have been disastrous. Last year its surplus was about 11 per cent. on the stock. This year, thus far, apparently, less than 2 per cent. has been earned. The strength of the coal stocks, in view of such developments as these, is phenomenal. We have yet to appreciate how far-reaching will be the disastrous consequences of the long-continued strike. Many industrial enterprises have been seriously crippled and all have had their expenses largely increased.

"S." New York: (1) I see no other way. (2) Do not know how the transfer could be made without the loss of rights. (3) The plan looks feasible at prices you quote, but I would consult my broker, as market quotations may not be what you expect. (4) The plan contemplates an equitable division and it was taken in view of market conditions. I doubt if your plan, therefore, would work, if you undertook to put it in practical operation. Submit the proposition to your broker and see whether he can guarantee its fulfillment.

"I." New York: The Pennsylvania 3½ per cent. convertibles are due in 1912. On May 1, 1904, or on any subsequent interest period, they are convertible into stock at \$70 per share, and beginning on that date may be called at 102½ and interest, on ninety days' notice, but if called the holder may nevertheless convert them into stock. The bonds were distributed at par to stockholders to the extent of 25 per cent. of their holdings. At the present price of Pennsylvania shares, it will be seen that there is an advantage in the purchase of the bonds.

"G." Richmond, Va.: Consolidated Tobacco fours are dependent for their earnings on the income from the common shares of the Continental and American Tobacco companies. What these earnings are is not disclosed. The bonds have been closely held by insiders to whom they were issued, and are said to be largely in a pool. Many other newly issued securities, especially industrials, have been maintained by pooling. One of the dangers of the market is that if tight money continues it may compel the unloading of some of these securities at a sacrifice and the smashing of pools that have protected them.

"Banker." Batavia, N. Y.: Investigation of the affairs of the Central National Bank of Boston, after it had closed its doors, showed that assets having a face value of nearly \$1,200,000 had a real value of only \$445,000. While the bank was virtually insolvent, it was continuing to pay 6 per cent. dividends and reporting a large surplus. This seems to be a reflection on the national bank examiners' work. It is said that the directors may be held responsible for declaring dividends in violation of the law. I greatly fear that a scrupulous examination of some other national banks in our great cities would lead to surprising disclosures.

"Average." Montana: Subscription extended. (1) Unless the money situation becomes less serious, I see no prospect of a continued advance this winter. (2) Not at present, though the list is a good one. (3) On recessions, any standard dividend-payers of established reputation would be safest. These include Consolidated Gas, United Gas Improvement, American Telephone and Telegraph, Norfolk and Western preferred, Atchison preferred, and stocks of that quality. (4) Small lots are handled on the Consolidated Exchange by W. E. Woodend & Co., 25 Broad Street. (5) I am told it is not, but the information is unofficial.

"Banker." Milwaukee: (1) I agree with you that the public will not buy stocks netting only 4 per cent. when banks are charging 6 per cent. upward on loans. (2) You are right also in your inference that high money rates, if long continued, will be injurious to general business as well as to Wall Street speculation. (3) The continuance of dear money will certainly put a damper on extensive speculation, as brokers have to charge too much to carry their customers' accounts. (4) I have no doubt that your information regarding the intimate relations between some large Wall Street interests and some of our bank and trust companies is authentic. You perhaps observed the comment on the recent recommendation of Secretary Shaw, by the London *Economist*, to the effect that it might be well, before fresh banking legislation is undertaken, to have an investigation of the relations subsisting between our banks and big financiers.

"P." Peoria, Ill.: (1) The sale of steel shares by President Schwab and the unloading by other insiders, who received great profits in the original distribution of the stock, is said to account for the recent decline. Sales of St. Paul stock by the Northern Securities interests, who were said to be loaded up with the shares a year ago, are also said to account for the liquidation in St. Paul. (2) I have no doubt that other industrial corporations besides the Consolidated Lake Superior, International Steel Pump, and United States Steel, will shortly be seeking additional working capital by the issue of bonds, debentures, or some other kind of securities. The story of industrial promotion during the past few years is full of similar instances of a shortage of working funds by industrialists that were pointing with pride to their heavy dividends. I need only recall American Ice, United States Rubber, American Malt, Linseed, Virginia Chemical, and Pressed Steel Car.

Continued on following page.

FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE.

Spencer Trask & Co.

BANKERS,
27 & 29 Pine St., New York
Members New York Stock Exchange

INCORPORATED 1885

The Real Estate Trust Company of Philadelphia

S. E. CORNER CHESTNUT AND BROAD STREETS

CAPITAL (Full Paid) . . \$1,500,000
SURPLUS AND PROFITS \$1,200,000

Solicits current Deposit Accounts,
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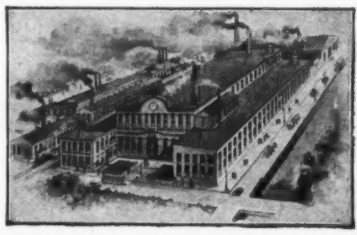
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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from preceding page.

"B." Whitman, Mass.: Do not advise its pur-
chase.

"D. B." New Jersey: I can ascertain nothing
reliable about it.

"B." Milwaukee: You are on my preferred
list for three months.

"K." Groton, Vt.: Two dollars received. You
are on my preferred list for six months.

"B." New York: One dollar received. You
are on my preferred list for three months.

"Check." Wis.: Two dollars received. You
are on my preferred list for six months. It is
too speculative for me to commend.

"N. C." New York: I do not recommend it.
It is not dealt in on Wall Street and little reliable
information regarding it is obtainable.

"B." Glasgow, Scotland: Remittance re-
ceived. You are on my preferred list for three
months. Answer by cable and letter.

"H." South Dartmouth: Four dollars re-
ceived. You are on my preferred list for one
year. Advise if paper is not regularly received.

"W. F." Boonton, N. J.: I would sell my
Steel common whenever I could get out without
a loss. An effort to advance it, it is said, will be
made before spring.

"C. B." Pottsville, Penn.: I think well of the
Adams Express four, and fairly well of the Pitts-
burg, Bessemer and Lake Erie stock. For invest-
ment, I prefer the former.

"T. M. P." Dalton, Mass.: (1) It is an in-
dustrial with a fairly good outlook. (2) Erie
common represents an enormously overcapitalized
property. I would rather have the second pre-
ferred.

"M. F. R." Vermont: (1) I would hold for the
present, but would get out at the first favorable
opportunity. (2) It would affect it favorably and, as
at present advised, I would hold my Delaware and
Hudson.

"Lake": Four dollars received. You are on
my preferred list for one year. (1) Yes, but, of
course, not really gilt-edged. (2) Yes, the Toledo,
St. Louis and Western fours have merit and look
reasonable.

"S." New York: Continental Tobacco pre-
ferred, like all of the tobacco stocks, is strongly
supported by a speculative clique. The earnings
are very large, but the opposition to the
tobacco trust is growing.

"M." Toledo: To be entitled to a place on
my preferred list you should be a subscriber at
this office. One dollar will pay for three months'
subscription. You can obtain a sample copy at
any news room in your city.

"H." Cornwall-on-Hudson: In the present
condition of the money market I would be inclined
to husband my resources and buy approved in-
vestment stocks, on sharp declines. You can al-
ways realize on these in an emergency.

"Klop": One dollar received. You are on
my preferred list for three months. (1) The
trouble with such companies is that the invest-
ment can obviously not be regarded as permanent.
(2) As a rule, when a stock has had such a serious
decline as Amalgamated has had, it is a fair specu-
lation. The money market's condition does not
warrant speculation.

"D." Dallas, Tex.: (1) The earnings of Brook-
lyn Rapid Transit for November show a net in-
crease of about \$120,000, about half of which
comes from a decrease in operating expenses, but
it is generally believed that this represents new
methods of bookkeeping rather than improved
earnings. (2) The shares of Mr. Morgan's new
International Steamship Trust are not in very
general demand. The common has been selling
on the curb at from \$15 to \$25 a share.

"M." Mobile: It is said that the concern of
Mackey & Co., 32 Broadway, New York, which
advertised discretionary pools, secured about
\$3,000,000 from its dupes before its ex-
posure and the flight of its members. How long
before my readers will understand that all these
preposterous get-rich-quick concerns are playing
the cheapest kind of a bunco-game? They make
a little money for you at the start and then clean
you out, body, boots, and breeches. Leave them
all severely alone.

"H." Wayne, Penn.: You are on my preferred
list for three months. (1) Reading common sold
last year as low as 53 and as high as 78. The year
before it sold as low as 25. It is the largest anthra-
cite coal-producing property, and at the present
price for coal is making a great deal of money.
The second preferred stock, however, looks like a
better investment. (2) Ontario and Western
will have to be held a long time probably to bring
a profit. Erie second preferred is a fair specu-
lation, but I would wait until money market
conditions are more settled.

"T." Naasari, India: I do not advise the pur-
chase of any of the stocks to which you refer.
They have no investment, and little speculative,
value. It would be wiser to buy something paying
dividends, or something likely, in the course of
events, to sell higher on prospects and possibili-
ties. Among the cheaper copper stocks Greene
Consolidated, selling around 25 and paying 2 per
cent. monthly, is regarded by many with favor,
though the copper market is now not in the best
condition. Cheap railroad stocks having possi-
bilities include Kansas City Southern and Toledo,
St. Louis and Western.

"Banker." Raleigh, N. C.: (1) I look for
decreased railroad earnings during this year.
The recent reports of the Vanderbilt properties
disclose that the additional cost of labor, coal,
and equipment is being felt. (2) No quotation
of the Champion Oil Company is given. It is one
of the playthings of the curb, and no conservative
man bought it. (3) The failure of the Trigg
Shipbuilding Company emphasizes what I have

said about the approaching industrial depression,
and, following the passage of the dividend by the
Cramps, indicates that this depression is being
felt by our shipbuilders.

"C." Boston: (1) Dispatches from Arizona
report that the suit against the Greene Consolidated
Copper Company, in the famous Cobre Grand litigation,
has been reopened. This involves a very
important part of the Greene Consolidated property.
(2) The report of a Baltimore newspaper of a pro-
posed consolidation of the American Ice with the
Hammond Ice Company, of that city, is declared
to have no foundation, but some see indications
of a possible movement of this kind and it may
be that the facts are not ready for publication.

"T." Buffalo: Strong financial interests,
which advanced the necessary funds to meet the
emergency of the Con. Lake Superior Co., have
entered its management. They are said to be
identified with the Pennsylvania Railroad. Con-
flicting reports about the condition of the property
are heard and a reorganization may ultimately
be necessary. I would not sacrifice my stock at
present. (2) Montana dispatches report that
the copper war between the Amalgamated and
Heinze interests may be settled by arbitration.
Heinze, having incorporated all his concerns, is
now in good position to trade with the Amal-
gamated people.

"C." Savannah: (1) The announcement that
the Southern Railway is to expend \$4,000,000 for
new rolling stock and is to make this expenditure
not directly, but through a financial firm in New
York, which will no doubt reap a rich commission
on the business, shows the wheels within wheels
which are to be found in nearly all our great rail-
road systems. Is it any wonder that stockholders
have to wait for dividends while directors are be-
coming millionaires? (2) The Lackawanna Steel
Company, at Buffalo, the largest independent con-
cern of the kind in the world, and a very formidable
competitor of the steel trust, is just about to open
its enormous works, covering an area of about two
square miles.

"Lex." Decatur, Ia.: (1) The passage of the
dividend on St. Joe and Grand Island first pre-
ferred, on the ground that the money is needed
for improvements and equipment, indicates that
this property is in the hands of a speculative
clique and should be left severely alone. Man-
agers who pay dividends, when they know that
the earnings should be applied to improvements
ought to be driven out of office by the stock-
holders. (2) The secretary of the Standard Oil
Promotion and Investment Company, which must
not be associated in any way with the Standard
Oil concern, has been arrested, charged with using
the mails for fraudulent purposes by exploiting
bogus oil company shares.

"Inquirer." Philadelphia: I have no doubt that
the United States Steel Trust has had more trouble
than the public knows. The superseding of Presi-
dent Schwab has been expected by everybody and
the selection of Frick would be no surprise, as he
has been a thorn in the side of the trust for a long
time. He was the chief organizer of the Union
Steel Company, which was about ready to give
the steel trust competition in crude as well as
finished products when it was bought out by the
trust. Having absorbed Mr. Frick's concern, what
will the steel trust do with its other formidable
competitors, including the Lackawanna Steel Com-
pany at Buffalo, the Jones and Laughlin concern,
and the Cambria company?

"C." Hartford, Conn.: (1) For a long pull I
would rather have Long Island Railroad than
Brooklyn Rapid Transit. The former is earning
over 4 per cent. on its capital stock, besides spend-
ing enormous amounts for improvements, and it
belongs to the Pennsylvania Railroad. (2) The
recent pessimistic interview of James J. Hill, in
which he predicted an era of bad times, came, it
is said, while he was buying Great Northern pre-
ferred stock. It hardly seems possible that our
great financiers can indulge in this sort of bunco
business, but we all remember how the president
of the Northern Pacific issued a discouraging report
regarding its earnings at a time when he and his
friends were picking up the shares.

"U." Harrisburg, Penn.: (1) Whether the ab-
sorption of the Union Steel Company by the steel
trust signifies that the latter will not carry out its
contemplated bonding scheme remains to be seen.
President Schwab's retirement is anticipated, but
it is said that he has a five-year contract with the
trust at \$160,000 a year. This is a big salary to
pay an absentee president. (2) I would take my
profit in the electrical shares. Germany's electrical
companies had a similar boom two years ago,
followed by intense depression. Recently a com-
bination of its leading electrical industrial plants
has been effected for self-preservation. It is
said that this may be the forerunner of a closer
alliance with the electrical concerns of the United
States, but competition can hardly be stifled in
this way.

"J." New Orleans: (1) The suit was brought
by A. N. Ridgely, a financial tipster of Wall Street,
to recover alleged losses by the collapse of the Keene
pool in Southern Pacific. Interesting light on the
manner in which the public is worked is shed by
Mr. Ridgely's claim that he made a contract with
Keene to disseminate bullish information for the
purpose of stimulating the public to buy Southern
Pacific and thus to advance the price of the stock
which the pool held. It is shameful that financial
writers and leading newspapers lend themselves
to the circulation of tips intended to gull the
public. (2) The way in which prominent finan-
ciers make money out of the public is again dis-
closed by the announcement that the control of the
Hocking Valley Railroad has been secured by a
syndicate and that it proposes to unload the
property, of course at a fine profit, on the Vander-
bilt or some other system. If the Vanderbilt or
any other system wanted the Hocking Valley,
why did it not proceed to buy it for the benefit of
its stockholders, instead of making a deal with
outsiders? Untold fortunes have been made by
this sort of work during the past few years, and
it is time that the stockholders entered a protest.
The report that the Pere Marquette, which has
also fallen into the hands of a mysterious syndicate,
is to be extended and finally unloaded on some
big system, at a good profit both to the syndicate
and to the latter, has significance. The syndi-
cate, it is said, has not bought all the stock it needs,
and it is now "reluctantly" permitting outside
holders to turn their shares over to the syndicate's
tender mercies. Keep your stock and stay "out-
side." Where does the poor public come in?
New York, December 31, 1902. JASPER.

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Trade in Germany.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE industrial depression and commercial disturbances incident to the period of reorganization and adjustment to new conditions through which Germany is now passing, business in many lines, both domestic and foreign, is said to be normally active and healthful. This is particularly true of the trade in food materials and many articles of household utility. As an experienced German merchant recently said, "This is a good time to do business in Germany, if one only knows what is really needed and in demand."

MORPHINE and LIQUOR HABITS CURED. Thousands having failed elsewhere have been cured by us. Write The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. 1, 4, Lebanon, Ohio

Business Chances in China

Continued from page 42.

tures for one hundred years. The Chinese have no skill in manufacturing. The failure of the Shanghai cotton mills is a conspicuous proof of this. These mills were started with Chinese and foreign capital and on a large scale. They had water supply in abundance, and all facilities, labor cost only one-tenth of American labor, but in five or six years they all failed. The last one was foreclosed about six months ago to a Russian bank. The laws of the country required that a comprador, a Chinaman, be employed. He finances the concern, and under him the fatal squeezing process and unjust taxation continues.

"Notwithstanding the unfavorable system of taxation and the superstitions of the people, China is a good field to-day for young men who see an opportunity and take it. A young man should obtain a position there before he goes. One who contemplates the step might communicate first with Mr. Morse or Mr. Ford, of the Asiatic Association of New York City, organized to promote commerce with China. With an occupation that would support him a young man could study conditions and look about for opportunities. Something is bound to happen in China. At the present rate at which she is slipping along the war indemnity will never be paid. If it is not, China will be divided among the nations. If, however, her system of taxation is changed and she is opened up so that she will receive the benefit of her own resources, foreign enterprise will also be rewarded. So the man who is on the ground and is established will grow rich as the commerce increases.

"The native districts of the large Chinese cities are filthy, and no American would care to inhabit them, but the foreign sections are not unpleasant to live in. From the nature of things there is danger that a young man in China would require a little stronger resisting force than in his American home. In the evening there would be little for him to do, if he were not studious, but to go to the club, and there he would drink with his friends and play cards. If he wasn't careful he might soon become a hard drinker. The absence of the restraining forces of home would be responsible for much of this. There are plenty of amusements during the day—tennis clubs, golf clubs, and other games that a young man would enjoy."

When Mr. Sharrett first went to China he, with one friend, embarked on a long hunting trip for pheasants and ducks. They pen-

etrated districts where foreigners were seldom seen and they were objects of curiosity. Their house-boat was sometimes surrounded by thousands of natives.

"They were all smiling and agreeable then," said Mr. Sharrett; "two months later the same people would have killed any foreigner that they could have set their eyes on. Such was the influence of the Boxers. The Chinese people are good, but they are easily led and their leaders are evil. One of their stories to stir the people against the missionaries was that the foreigners plucked out the eyes of the little Chinese children and made medicine of them. In the Roman Catholic institutions Chinese children had been kept for certain periods while they were being taught. During such periods their parents were not permitted to see them. This made it very easy for the Boxer leaders to give plausibility to their story. A mother would ask at a Catholic convent to see her child. The request would be refused until the period of schooling was over. Then the Boxer leader would say to the mother:

"Of course you can't see your child, for it's dead. They have killed it to make medicine." And thus the bitter enmity for foreigners was nourished.

"If you never saw two Chinamen fight," said Mr. Sharrett, "it is one of the most amusing things in the world. They are not a combative race. They have been ground down and oppressed for so many centuries that they haven't much fight in them. Their method of personal combat is usually for one indignant Chinaman to catch the queue of the other and pull it. The eyes and mouth of the injured man fly open with the pain. Then he jerks the 'pig-tail' of the other. They seem to be considerate and take turns in their fighting. They don't grapple with each other, but scratch each other's shins with their feet, until below the knees each fighter is scraped and bloody. The Chinese children are very timid. At the sight of a foreign stranger they scatter like chickens.

"An amusing superstition accounts for the odd upturned eaves of the roofs of Chinese houses, the pagodas. The theory is that the evil spirits which roam about at night descend to the houses and alight at the apex of the roof. They rush down to the eaves, but the upward curve throws them again into the air. Otherwise they would enter the house as the man slept and kill or harm him and his family of five or six wives."

Life-insurance Suggestions

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address "Hermit," *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.]

THE FINANCIAL pulse of the country, the state of its commercial and industrial health and soundness, can be nowhere tested with more accuracy and satisfaction than in the volume of business transacted in a given period by the life insurance companies. For obvious reasons, investments in life insurance policies follow the financial barometer up and down more closely, probably, than any other class of investments, being greatest in volume when times are good, labor plenty, and wages high than in periods where the reverse of those conditions prevail. Judged by this standard the year 1902 ranks as the most prosperous of any for at least a decade, and in some respects is ahead of anything known in life insurance policy. It is stated that one of the leading companies did \$30,000,000 more business in 1902 than it did the year previous, and other reports show a

corresponding increase. One authority attributes the immense insurance in the latter part of the year to the higher wage scale lately adopted by many of the important railroads. Increased wages not only benefit the employees directly concerned, it is said, but thousands of trades people doing business in sections where railroad shops are located or business is otherwise centralized.

"C," Centerville, R. I.: Answered by letter.

"G," Newark: In the Tennessee policy-holder's suit against the Mutual Reserve, the demurrer to the complaint was sustained by Judge Cox.

"Iron," Ishpeming, Mich.: Unless you have a special reason for wishing to extend your insurance and burdening yourself with the heavy loans that would be involved, and unless you are sure that you will be able to meet the loans on maturity, I would not advise the action you contemplate. Your policies in the Mutual Life and in the Travelers are both excellent.

"A," Akron, O.: According to a recent decision of the United States Supreme Court insurance policies do not insure against crime. A Texas man murdered his wife, and after his execution, her heirs endeavored to collect his life insurance, which had been made out in his favor. The court held the policy invalid, on the ground that to sanction payment, under the circumstances, would be contrary to public policy.

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Children's Quaint Sayings.

THE COMMENT on younger brothers and sisters is delicious. "Why does not baby speak?" puzzled one small girl. Later, dissatisfied with her mother's answer, she produced her own. "I know; the things that baby saw in God's house before she came to live with us were so wonderful that she cannot speak about them. She's got to be quiet—till she's forgotten."

"Baby's broken a hole in the sky and come through," was the explanation of another, aged three. Jack, rather older (aged eight), was a student of "ruling passions." "Oh, mother's been getting bargains again," he said in all good faith upon being shown his twin sisters.


Granville said his prayers at bed-time, but refused to do so in the morning. "A fellow must be a fool if he can't take care of himself in the day." "Make Tom a good boy," said another five-year-old, adding, "Do you hear that, Tom?" And—"Wait, Lord, while I kick Tom," was another of his interjections. Elsie's sayings are numerous. "I wish I could bathe in chapters," was one extracted on a shivering winter's night. When she was about eight she hated being called of a morning, and thought of a way out of the necessity. "Trespissurs on my dreams shall be prosecuted," was the announcement, in her largest writing, found pinned on to her coverlet.

Agate Ware as a Life Saver.

The hygienic qualities of the Agate ware made by the Lalanc & Grosjean manufacturing company of New York long ago established an enviable reputation for that concern; but it appears, from the following special dispatch to the Philadelphia *Record*, from Conshohocken, Penn., that Agate ware possesses other and unexpected life preserving properties:

KETTLE SAVES TWO CHILDREN.

CONSHOHOCKEN, Penn., Nov. 12.—A battered Agate ware kettle is to-night a treasured keepsake in two Conshohocken households, for it is looked upon as the instrument that saved two little girls from terrible injury or possible death under the wheels of a passing wagon. A little daughter of Thomas English, a Fayette Street cigar dealer, started with the Agate ware kettle to a neighboring confectionery store for ice cream, and was joined by another child. Crossing the street, the two children were knocked down and run over by the driver of a passing horse and wagon, and the two wheels of the latter passed directly over both girls' prostrate forms. But the Agate ware kettle, also under the wheels, was just big enough and strong enough to keep the wheels from falling on the children with crushing weight, and so it transpired that the little girls' mothers, not only rushed to their rescue, but heartily agreed, when they learned that neither child was injured, and then looked upon the battered kettle, that the latter was a splendid life saver.



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"His Royal Highness, the Crown Prince of Siam, expressed the wish that during his extended tour through the United States he should be served, as far as possible, with American dishes and native wines. In equipping the dining car of his special train the champagne selected was the Great Western of the Pleasant Valley Wine Company. His Royal Highness was especially pleased with this wine and announced his surprise that such an excellent champagne was produced in this country."



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Business Chances Abroad.

THAT THE so-called sterile, forbidding and uninhabitable regions of the globe around and near the polar circles may yet prove to be the world's greatest treasure house of mineral wealth seems to be indicated by the discoveries of gold and other valuable minerals of recent years in Alaska and the Klondike, and more recently still in the wilds of Nova Zembla and Kamchatka. Commercial Agent R. T. Greener writes from Vladivostock, to our State Department, in regard to the results of an exploration of the western shore of the Kamchatka peninsula, as well as of the Okhotsk region. The presence of gold was proved, he says, in many river valleys. The climate presents no obstacles to winter work, though the season only lasts ninety days. The ridge of mountains between the Jugar watershed and the elevations along the coast is said to be rich in gold. It has also been discovered in the vicinity of Hun-Chun, near Posiet. A Russian company, formed at Vladivostock, has leased from the Chinese Administrative three-fourths of the entire tract.

Special Prizes for Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. We offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for their return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph we may use. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender should appear on the back of the photograph except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the makers. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat-surface paper is not suitable for reproduction. Photographs entered are not always used. They are subject to return if they are ultimately found unavailable in making up the photographic contest. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners. The contest is open to all readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, whether subscribers or not.

N. B.—Communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York." When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine," or other publications having no connection with LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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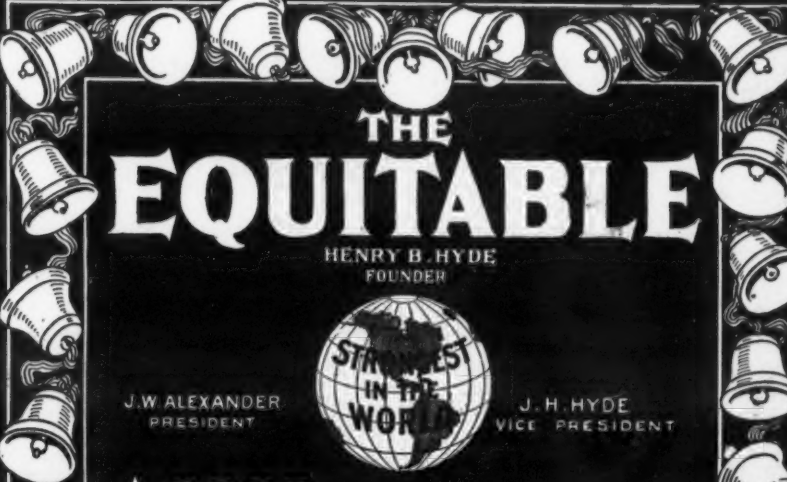
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"Better gimme one of the quarter kind, I reckon," replied the rural party from the uncut grass. "Fifty cents air tew blam'd much fer a picture."

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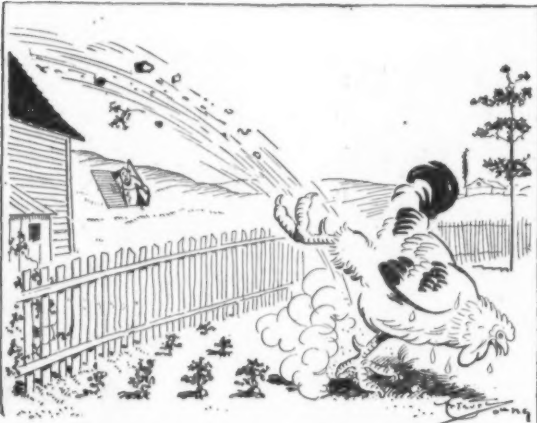
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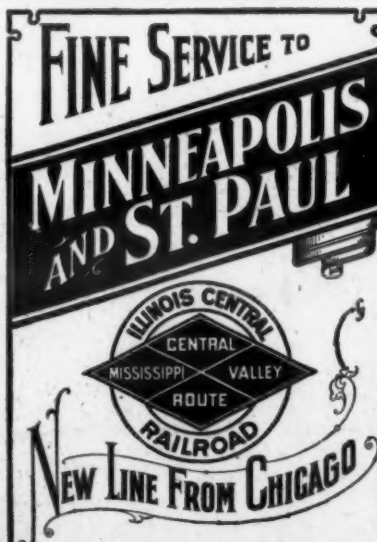
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